No. 233 (New Series), Vol. 5. September 5, 1936

The PASSING SHOW

2D.

PROFESSORS ON PARADE by Vincent BROME

4 Complete STORIES

4 Pages of LAUGHTER

10 MINUTES TO WAIT–*so*

Mine's a Minor!

'THE TEN-MINUTE SMOKE FOR INTELLIGENT FOLK'

De Reszke MINORS

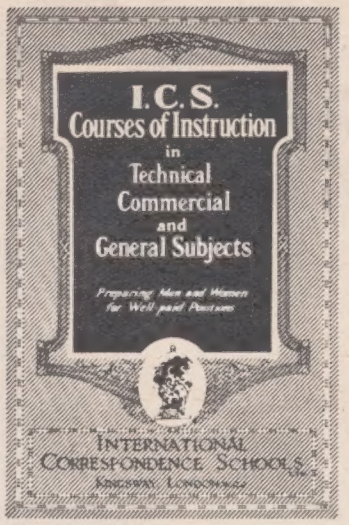
In tins: **30** *for* **1/-** ★ **60** *for* **2/-** ★ *In boxes:* **15** *for* **6D** ★ **25** *for* **10D** ★ **30** *for* **1/-**

Issued by Godfrey Phillips Ltd.

PLAIN, CORK OR 'IVORY'-TIPPED

A Free I.C.S. Booklet

That Concerns Your Future



Most young men, it has been said, are too small for their jobs. That is why they are not promoted and why many are discharged when business is slack. The wise young man should make himself too big for his present job—outgrow it. If he does, promotion and better pay will follow.

There is only one way to do that; the way of spare-time specialised vocational training. The International Correspondence Schools, creative pioneers of tuition by post, have been giving such training for 45 years and have enrolled more than 4,500,000 students, hundreds of thousands of whom have won substantial success.

This booklet is comprehensive. It explains the I.C.S. method in detail and gives brief particulars of all I.C.S. Standard Courses, covering practically every branch of commerce and industry and many professions. Twenty-five other I.C.S. booklets, each dealing with one group of Courses, contain everything the ambitious man would wish to know about the particular Course or Courses that meet his individual needs.

Our 26 booklets, averaging 54 pages each, are entitled as follows:—

I.C.S. Courses of Instruction

Advertising	General Education	Railway Equipment and Running
Aeronautical Engineering	Languages	Salesmanship and Window-dressing
Agriculture	Lettering and Show-card Writing	Scientific Management
Architecture and Building	Marine Engineering	Service Examinations
Art for Commercial Use	Mechanical Engineering	Short-story Writing and Journalism
Chemical Engineering	Mining	Textile Manufacturing
Commercial Training	Motor Engineering	Woodworking
Civil Engineering	Radio	
Domestic Engineering		
Electrical Engineering		

(These booklets include the Preparatory Courses for the various Examinations)

If you wish to outgrow your present job, to make a real success of your life, write for any one (or more) of our booklets. It is free. So also is our expert advice on any matter relative to your career.

International Correspondence Schools, Ltd.

DEPT. 168 : INTERNATIONAL BUILDINGS : KINGSWAY : LONDON : W.C.2

FOR EVERY OCCASION

For soft sports collars, a tall, flat-headed O P Stud that grips the collar-tabs securely — For business wear, a mushroom-headed Stud, easy to insert, neat and non-fraying—For dress collars, a ball-headed O P Stud, saving time, temper and linen.

The ideal present to a friend (or to yourself), a compact, handy wallet of six O P Gold Studs—from any Leading Jeweller.

OP STUDS

Wallet of Six 9-ct. Gold O P Studs and Links 70/-; without Links 37/6. From all Jewellers. Sent direct, post free, if you have any difficulty in obtaining.

G. H. JOHNSTONE & CO. LTD.
38 Northampton Street, Birmingham

Bermaline Bread *and butter*

From Quality Bakers, or if any difficulty, write BERMALINE' BOTHWELL STREET GLASGOW.

---

32 FREE BILLIARD TABLES

Write for Details

E. J. RILEY LIMITED
Glen Works, ACCRINGTON
or Dept. 12
147 Aldersgate Street, London E.C.1

Ⓟ 4

A little *leisure* brings a lot of *pleasure* in

THE *New Berkeley* **SUPERLAX**

THE EASY CHAIR THAT ADJUSTS ITSELF.

Are you satisfied that you get the utmost from your leisure hours? Do you get the complete relaxation you need for health and happiness? Get the New Berkeley Superlax and find real rest for mind and body. Young and old find the New Berkeley Superlax their ideal Easy Chair. It is designed to suit everyone—tall or short. It fits in with all your moods—takes up any position you want from upright to resting or lounging AUTOMATICALLY. There is no adjustment on your part—the patented automatic action does it all. Besides being supreme in comfort, the New Berkeley Superlax is unequalled in quality and VALUE too—a lasting investment in satisfaction.

SPECIFICATION: Best Birchwood Frame. Wide Arms. Perfect Springing in Seat and Back. Seat *and* Arms ALL-HAIR STUFFED. Beautiful and durable Coverings. Back and Seat easily removable for cleaning. Strong concealed castors.

Fully Patented No. 414464

IN A QUALITY COVERING

CASH PRICE **67/6**

or 70/-: —10/- with order and balance 10/- monthly.

SETTEE to match £5 : 12 : 6

Sold under our usual Guarantee of money-back if not satisfied within seven days. **FREE Delivery in England, Wales and Scotland.**

Genuine Berkeleys are made only in our own factories and are not obtainable through any other furnishing house.

H. J. SEARLE & SON, LTD.
(Dept. P.S.) 70-78, OLD KENT ROAD, LONDON, S.E.1.

***West End Showrooms:* 133, VICTORIA ST., S.W.1**

Branches: 83-87, London Road, CROYDON; The Parade, WATFORD; 85, New St., BIRMINGHAM; 71, Deansgate, MANCHESTER; 149, Becontree Avenue, DAGENHAM.

COUPON Please send Catalogue of all Models of Berkeley Upholstery, together with complete range of Coverings.

Name _____

Address _____

Passing Show _____

What is Euthymol TANG?

TANG is the delightful refreshing flavour which tells that Euthymol Tooth Paste is cleansing your mouth and teeth. Dental decay germs cannot live with Euthymol—laboratory tests show that it kills all it touches in less than 30 seconds. Try the delicious TANG of Euthymol to-day and enjoy the fresh, wholesome mouth it leaves—you can get a large 1s. 3d. tube from any chemist, or send for a free 7-day sample to Dept. 10/101, Euthymol, 50 Beak Street, London, W.1.

Euthymol TOOTH PASTE

Kills Dental Decay Germs in 30 Seconds

Guy's HOSPITAL

SAVE THIS CITY OF HEALING

EVERY DONATION HOWEVER SMALL WILL HELP

CRAVEN "A"

...and what's more Craven "A" won't affect your throat – you'll enjoy their coolness and freshness too!

CRAVEN "A"

Made specially to prevent sore throats

10 for 6d.

20 for 1/-

★

★ Holiday-Makers Remember . . . Wherever you buy your Craven "A," at the seaside or in some remote corner of the country, they will always be as fresh as if they had just left Carreras' factory, because they're sealed fresh in MOISTURE-PROOF 'CELLOPHANE.' *They never vary.*

. . . AND LOOK at the neat way Craven "A" are packed. An outer wrapping of 'cellophane' to keep them fresh, and a very ingenious inner packing so that you can get at the cigarettes in a jiffy without any fumbling. Of course you'll find that the cork tip is a real protection for your fingers and lips. Personally nothing would tempt me to change from Craven "A" now.

Carreras Ltd.—150 years' Reputation for Quality

C.A.337

PROFESSORS on PARADE

Sir Josiah Stamp urges that scientists should come out of the laboratories to help us with our problems.

For 100 years critics have been slyly making fun of the annual meeting of British Scientists, suggesting that these great minds are too fond of thinking alike. Here is the story, told by

Vincent Brome

of changes that have taken place in our lives through discussions of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. During this week Scientists discuss everything from teething troubles to drifting continents. They tell us—

HEADS containing the greatest brains in the world will be put together when hundreds of learned men and women will discuss the future of this little planet at the annual meeting of the British Association at Blackpool next week.

When the British Association for the Advancement of Science first met a hundred years ago, it was held to ridicule. Charles Dickens referred to it as the Mudfog Association for the Advancement of Everything, where Professors Snore, Doze and Wheezy declaimed the devilments of an illiterate world.

The Association is now one of the greatest institutions of modern learning. It has become the clearing house of great ideas; wireless, electricity, television and a hundred other wonders of twentieth-century civilisation were first discussed at meetings of the British Association. Theories advanced tentatively by pioneering scientists, have been used to change the face of the earth. All our lives have been influenced. Sometimes an idea has taken twenty years to penetrate to the public; sometimes thirty; and even longer, but nearly always people have benefited.

In recent years a bewildering mass of facts and theories has filtered through these meetings. Problems from pins to planets have stirred enthusiasms in our dry-as-dust professors. They may yet revolutionise our lives.

To-morrow's Children

The British Association meeting this year will be enlivened by some unusual papers on genetics. Everybody is concerned with the children of to-morrow. If we can believe all the scientists tell us, they will be remarkable infants. . . . Sturdy, smiling, oddly self-possessed, at the age of one year he will be able to skate and swim skilfully. At eighteen months he will dive as well as most adults. On his third birthday he will be reading. Whenever a difficulty presented itself he will seldom turn to mother. He does something about it. . . .

There you have a miniature of the infant of to-morrow as visualised by scientists. It is by no means impossible for your own child to become this prodigy of precocity. One youngster with these qualities has already been reared in New York, not because of outstanding gifts, but through scientific training.

Richard and Roland were twins at birth. Early in life they were handed over to the experts at Columbia University. Richard had far greater natural abilities than Roland so it was Roland who received special training, while Richard pursued his normal course of development.

During the next few months Dr. Myrtle Bryam McGraw of Columbia University, carefully "stimulated" all Roland's "stepping and creeping" movements. His arm movements, visual and oral development all received gentle but persistent encouragement along scientific lines. Within a short time he was beginning to out-strip his twin brother Richard. Scarcely seven months old they gave him his first swimming lesson. Five months later he could dive quite well.

What chance there is of being hit by lightning

That children should dive at 18 months

Polo players can still score goals at fifty

That Arctic holidays are good for you

Men with Tails

Shortly afterwards he became very adroit on roller skates, but of far greater interest was his rapid mental development. Roland placed on top of a wall near a ladder, immediately tried to climb down. Left in similar circumstances Richard waited for some grown-up to lift him down. "Stimulated" gently in the way best suited to his baby personality, by the time he was nineteen months old Roland faced life with all the assurance of a child of eleven.

There are no limits to the possibilities this remarkable experiment has brought to light. Children of the future trained along these lines might well produce a race of super-men.

Genetics did not figure largely in last year's discussions at the British Association, but there were endless other equally interesting debates. A minor storm swept the meeting when Professor P. Sargent Florence announced that, in present conditions a man could provide for himself, his wife and three children, on 34s. 10d. a week.

Sir Arthur Smith Woodward declared that but for an earthquake in India thousands of years ago men with long tails might still be living in trees. The east to west ridge of the Himalayas, Sir Arthur explained, was gradually built up when a great forest, swarming with apes, covered Northern India. Following its formation, this ridge separated the northern part of the forest, and completely changed climatic conditions. The apes that survived the upheaval must have been driven to seek succour from the ground when no trees remained, and thus, very slowly, changed their lives and habits. This was the first great step in the development from ape to man.

Up at the Pole

Professor F. Debenham had astonishing things to say about the health-giving qualities of the Polar Regions. They are definitely the most healthy segments of the earth, he argued, since the ordinary disease bearers, whether rodents or minute bacilli, found conditions there unfavourable. For curing pulmonary troubles he thought the polar regions far better than the Alps.

"Most people go to the polar regions," he said, "because they offer them something which they cannot get elsewhere—solitude and the relief from the company of too many fellow men. But holidays are necessary to man, and with the increasing rapidity of transport, civilised people will tend to take them farther afield. . . . Nor is it too wild a forecast to say that in time, there may be a Brighton of Spitzbergen."

Ranging across the whole globe and through a thousand yesterdays, Professor W. Watts, the famous geologist, held his audience spell-bound in his presidential address, "Form, Drift and Rhythm of the Continents."

He spoke of lost lands and forests under the sea,

(*continued on next page*)

Here are members of the British Association "gossiping." While Professor Watts and Sir James Jeans, both presidents of the Association, talk things over

Continuing

PROFESSORS *on* PARADE

ice-bound tracts converted into blazing deserts, mountain ranges that once linked the British Isles with the continents of North America, and all the marvellous secrets geologists wrest from the earth.

"We have established," he said, "that in spite of the physical changes which we know have occurred, the chain of life has never snapped in all the hundreds of millions of years through which its history has been traced."

Lord Kelvin said the earth was doomed to an early death. Professor Watts contradicted him. The earth possesses in radio-active substances, hidden reserves capable of continuously replacing the energy wasted by radiation.

Even sport is not overlooked at the meetings of the British Association. Dr. Wynn Jones says records show thirty to be the average age of our best cricketers, and thirty-one that of golfers in the highest championship class. Approaching twenty-two is the ideal age for boxers. Between twenty-eight and twenty-nine produces the best tennis players. Footballers reach their peak at twenty-four. Sprinters find their finest form at twenty-three and a half, but polo players can still reach it at fifty.

Some years ago another fascinating paper dealt with the flying powers of butterflies. To the watcher on the south coast in June comes curling a long, straggling column of unearthly beauty, like some ragged rainbow fallen from the skies. There are tens of thousands of fragments in this rainbow, and each fragment is a butterfly. Migration from the Boulogne coastline begins early in June, and the annual invasion from other lands, follows shortly afterwards. Hordes of Clouded Yellows leave the French coast in the early morning and head for Brighton, Folkestone and Dover. Arriving in the late afternoon they settle in their thousands on secluded stretches of the cliff, always keeping together. Channel crossings must have their terrors for creatures so frail, but it seems almost incredible that they should pit their leisured loveliness against the might of the Atlantic. Yet they do. And with success.

Sudden Death

One of the greatest travellers is the Painted Lady. Native to Asia Minor it covers two thousand and sometimes two thousand five hundred miles, to reach Britain. Monarchs again, have been found as far away as the Hawaiian Islands, two thousand miles from their home. These enormous flights are not just matters of chance. Some butterflies, like some birds, never go abroad in search of fresh breeding grounds, but others, again like birds, have regular migratory habits.

Various members of the British Association have, at different times, probed the private life of lightning. They discovered some astonishing things. It is a faintly disturbing thought that living in these "sheltered" times, immune from most of nature's ravages, we are still open to sudden death from the skies in the form of a lightning flash. But our scientists are very reassuring about this. The average number of deaths from lightning in the course of a year, rarely exceeds thirty.

Thus the possibility of lightning singling you out is remote. Actually, it has been calculated that each individual has the chance of being struck once in a hundred thousand years. The percentage of people killed by lightning in the course of a year, varies with different countries. The figure stands at one a million in England. It rises to three a million in France, and to six a million in Prussia.

The gruesome task of examining bodies of lightning victims fell to the lot of two celebrated scientists some years ago. They found that in several cases not only clothing but also shoes had been torn off their feet. A series of experiments then revealed that this general "explosion" was caused by the instantaneous conversion of bodily perspiration into steam.

These scientists established that lightning will not only strike in the same place twice, but it will strike five or six times. Electrical experts have also come to the conclusion that those places once considered danger spots during a storm, are, in reality, excellent refuges. All-steel battleships, for instance, are seldom struck by lightning.

Mr. Schonfield whose findings on the behaviour of lightning have from time to time created quite a stir, had, at one period, the most elaborate laboratory for lightning experiments in the whole world. He could reproduce the natural phenomena of storms in perfect miniature, and some of his effects were quite startling. One section of his laboratory was given over to the production of artificial lightning. A screen set in the corner showed films of his artificial storms in progress. It was an odd experience to sit in this room while the normal lights dimmed and went out, and the first mutterings of a storm brought masses of cloud, torn and traversed by lightning, rolling across the squat, glass screen. Mr. Schonfield hopes one day to be able to use the electrical power of lightning for heating and lighting our larger cities.

Papers on marriage occasionally enliven discussion of the British Association. Recently, for instance, it was revealed that there are nearly six thousand marriages every week in this country. Eight hundred and fifty-seven a day, or nearly thirty-six an hour! Popular opinion says that people now marry later in life. Yet out of three hundred and seven thousand marriages in 1932, over five thousand men married before they were twenty, thirteen thousand married under twenty-one, and another one hundred and fifty thousand by the time they were twenty-six. A comparison of length-of-life and marriage statistics showed that married people live longer on the whole than unmarried.

Only a few years ago women members of the British Association were expected to sit and listen. To-day they play a far more active part. Twenty-seven women read papers at the conference last year. Highly intellectual, with an intimidating array of degrees, you might expect these women to represent the perfect blue-stockings. On the contrary they are intensely human, and, in some cases, frankly feminine.

In the Money

Professor E. G. R. Taylor, the only woman to hold a chair of geography in Great Britain, spoke last year on, "England's blame if not her shame; or the seventeenth-century pamphleteer on country, town and nation planning." Turning from chemistry, which she found offered limited financial possibilities, Professor Taylor entered the field of geography, since it seemed to her less crowded. Then she married. Later she gave her family prior claim to her profession, and decided that she would not return to it as a whole time occupation, unless she could earn a four figure income in a year. Now she has passed the thousand a year mark.

Miss Beatrice Blackwood, Demonstrator in Ethnology at the Department of Human Anatomy, University Museum, has had some astonishing adventures in the course of her first-hand studies. For more than a year she lived with natives in a Melanesian village amongst the Solomon Islands. Her companions, in the quite near past, had been cannibals of the worst order.

This spirit of adventure is strong among the intellectual women of to-day. Miss Evelyn Cheesman who covered, "The Zoo-geographical evidence of the former extension of land masses in the Western Pacific," has dared a thousand dangers in the remote places of the earth, for the sake of her profession. In the same way that the blue-stocking of to-day has another, lighter side to her character, so our scientists know moments of sparkling wit and almost hilarious abandon.

Humour comes into its own among the scientists at the meetings of the Red Lion Club. At least once during their annual gathering, members of the British Association are invited to take dinner at this club. The chairman is known as the Lion King, the organisers Jackals, and new members Cubs. Whenever a member rises to address the company, he is expected to flourish his coat-tails and roar.

High Class Jinks

Then the fun begins. Such a galaxy of great brains could hardly fail to produce a wealth of witticisms. But wit is not the only form of humour which enlivens the dinners of the Red Lion Club. For instance, a well-known scientist gave a marvellous parody of Sir Oliver Lodge making a presidential address with that august gentleman sitting beside him.

Hooker once swallowed a wineglassful of crimson liquid at the Red Lion Club, and then noticed the pen lying nearby. An eminent astronomer received a letter from Mars complaining about his spying on the Martians. Professor Griffiths propounded a terrific theory concerning the atom, with the aid of some bread-crumbs and a tablecloth.

The rest is history!

A LONG COMPLETE STORY BY

Stanley Brotherton

ILLUSTRATED BY SINCLAIR CALOW

He went to the window. Belching flames illuminated the smoke-pall.

Furnace Fires

"See what's wrong, then!" old man Carruthers had snapped angrily. "Damn it all! boy, find out *why* these unheard of reports about our steel being inferior keep coming in. Find out, I say or, by heaven, sick as I am, I'll come an' do th' job myself."

Recalling the stormy interview, young Bill Carruthers compressed his lips and stared in grim silence at the papers on the desk. His father had shouted quite a number of harsh things. " . . . big mistake sending you to get those blasted degrees . . . sight better employed here, in th' country's finest steelworks. . . . *I* worked thirty years with my hands before I bought 'em out."

" . . . Your place one day, but you'll never run it! Why? Because you'll never get to know th' men as I do. You'll be too mighty fine for that." And then, flying off at a tangent suggested by this indictment: " . . . marry some saucy piece, I expect, instead of a good solid wench in our own class. And what'll that mean? Dinner parties and the like, when you ought to be taking a run down to th' works. Bah!"

Thus, the son—at least, in the eyes of a leathery-cheeked, white-haired parent who had spent a lifetime in The Cumberland Steelworks.

Bill hadn't said much in reply. You couldn't argue with old man Carruthers when he was well, let alone attempt to do so when he was seriously ill,

Some of the things had hurt a little; others had made him smile, inwardly. For instance, that sideline about marriage: rather amusing, when he'd planned to marry Lucy Royden, whose father was in charge of one of the blast-furnaces. Lucy kept house for her father, and the sister who was employed in the office.

Bill stood up suddenly and went to a window. He was tall, about six feet, and broad. A fine figure of a man, with much more thought in his eyes than his father's criticism suggested. But then, sixty-five isn't always competent to pass judgment on twenty-four, especially when, without realising it, the sixty-five is prone to be jealous of the inexorable march of Time.

It was dark, and the young man's gaze dwelt on the lurid glare intermittently thrown skyward from the tops of the blast-furnaces. The night was still. Belching flames illuminated the smoke-pall hanging above. This, in turn, cast a downward glare, showing the gaunt outlines of the furnaces themselves.

Staring at these huge two-hundred-feet-high structures, constantly being replenished with iron-ore, lime, and coke in equal quantities, Bill was inspired to a reflection of how much was achieved by simple, almost crude machinery. "In the whole works," he thought, "there isn't a machine whose operation couldn't be followed by anyone."

"But it isn't the machines alone," he decided with a thrill of pride, "that makes possible our weekly output of five thousand tons of the world's finest iron and steel. In fact, it's mostly the men."

His thoughts ran on. Rough, brawny fellows they were, but with an intimate knowledge of their trade. More than that—most of them seemed, like his father, to have a personal interest in the works that went far beyond the mere fact of wages. "Which," mused Bill, "makes it all the more strange that we're turning out dud steel.

"So the old man thinks I can't get to know them," he muttered, tightening his lips suddenly. "He's wrong and, what's more, I'll ferret about until I've discovered what's amiss."

Some minutes later, and wearing overalls, Bill entered the rail shop. At the top end was the Bessemer plant, consisting mainly of the four hundred ton container—holding in readiness against conversion into steel the molten ore that came from the blast-furnaces outside—and the converter itself, a huge, inverted pear-shaped metal bulb familiarly termed "Bessie."

Near by, and built up twenty feet from ground level, was the control box, from where "Bessie's" movements on its giant axis were controlled, by Dan Summers, the head blower.

Summers was about to "blow" and, fascinated as always by the spectacle of "Bessie" at work, Bill stood and watched.

Molten ore ceased to pour into the converter's gigantic maw. The enormous bulb waved slowly about. A roaring sound came. The blast gas was on. Flames leapt from "Bessie's" mouth.

The blast diminished. "Bessie" swung over until its mouth was adjacent to an elevated platform. Summers shouted, and men on the platform fed "Bessie" with lumps of manganese, silicon, and scrap taken from a truck raised to their level. Weird lights danced about their half-naked figures . . . Bill wondered how they withstood the intense heat.

Another shout, and the men darted backward. The flames leapt again. Waving slowly from one position to another, "Bessie" roared fiercely.

Bill found himself eyeing the very tip of the flames. How in the world, he thought, did Summers—from glancing at that flame-tip—know when "Bessie," manganese, silicon, and scrap had done their work and produced the alloy steel?

Summers clanged a bell. A steam engine came to life, shunting a vast iron ladle into position. Very slowly, as though reluctant to disgorge its liquid contents, "Bessie" swung over, now, until the white-hot metal began "teeming" from its belly.

A million dazzling stars shot in all directions. The heat was intense, scorching. There was a bubbling, seething sound as of storm-tossed waves surging against rocks—and then, "Bessie" was empty.

The ladle was off to the moulds. It would make a dozen two-and-a-half-ton ingots of steel. Other ingots were there, stripped of their moulds and cooled to a dull redness.

Mitchell, the crane-man, was handling these. One at a time, he grabbed them in his pincers-hold and drove his overhead gantry crane part way down the shop. There, he dropped them into the soaking-pit, waited (or returned for others) while they re-heated in this long, low-built horizontal furnace, and then conveyed them to the far end of the shop—to the massive rollers that squeezed and pressed them into railway-lines.

Watching the crane, travelling empty in search of more ingots, Bill thought: "By jingo, that crane passes deuced close to Summers' control box and our 'Bessie'—wonder whether Mitchell, sitting up there on his iron seat, ever feels uncomfortably hot. Probably not," he decided, "because these chaps are like iron anyway," and, turning away idly, he noticed that "Bessie" was dealing with another lot of ore.

He was thinking: "What the devil *is* wrong with our steel?" when suddenly there was tragedy.

"God!" shouted a hoarse voice, "Mitchell's dropped an ingot on Sam Arkwright!"

There was a rush of men, Bill amongst them. . . . Then, it was all over. They were taking him away on a stretcher. He had been killed instantly. A man near Bill expressed the feeling of his mates.

"Damn it!" he swore gruffly, "th' finest rail foreman we ever had."

Bending to examine the ingot, Bill scarcely noticed the heat coming from its glowing sides. He was staring intently at two deep indentations made by the extremities of Mitchell's grab. Good Lord! hadn't his father once said: "If Mitchell gets a proper grip of an ingot he'll never drop it." He straightened suddenly, moved across to a short, thick-set man, and questioned bluntly:

"How did you come to drop that ingot, man?"

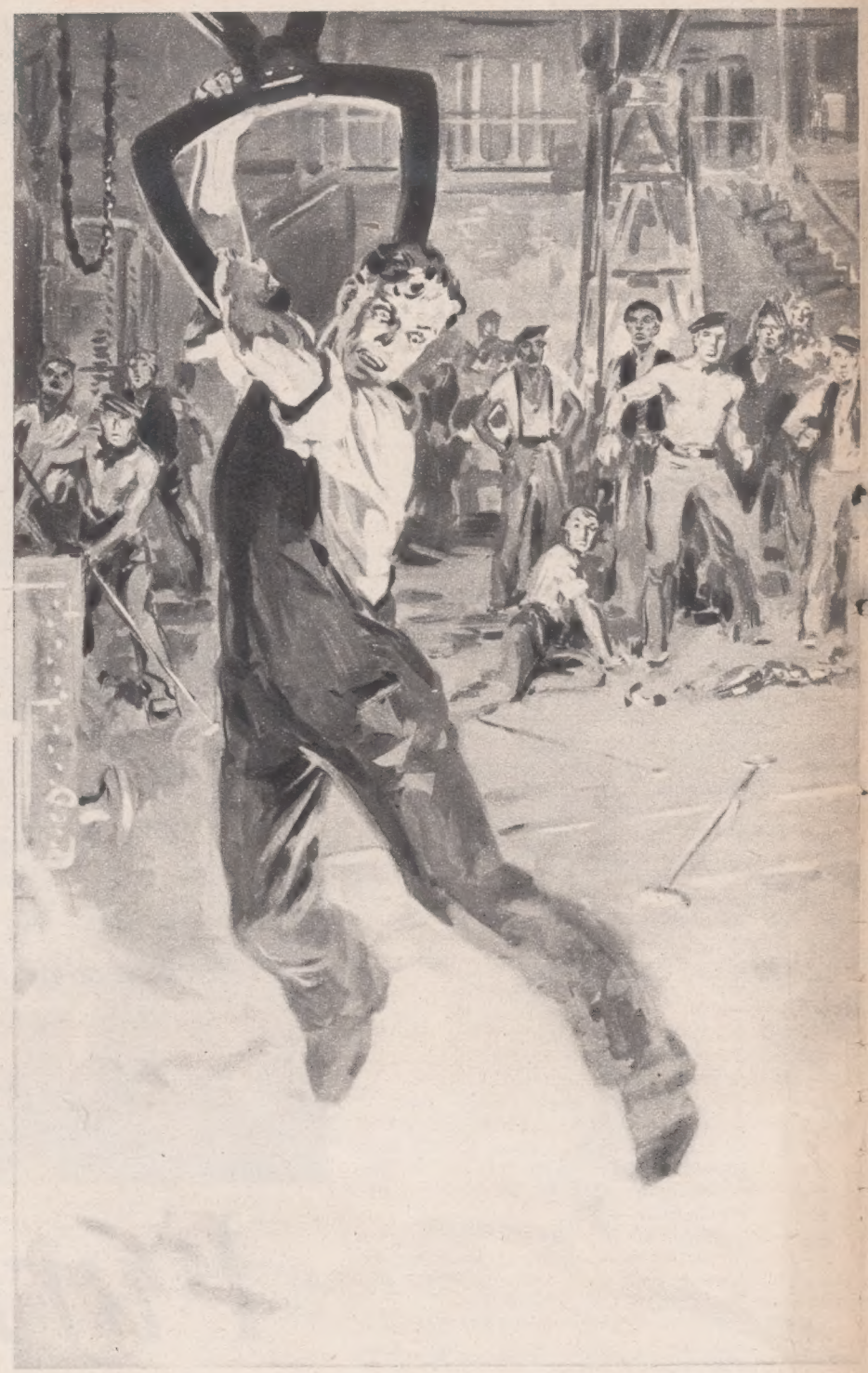
Mitchell's bloodshot eyes seemed to smoulder angrily.

"How do I know?" he mumbled.

"You had a mighty good grip," said Bill harshly, and pointed with the toe of his boot. "Come, how did it happen? Anything wrong with your crane?"

(*continued on next page*)

CONTINUING *Furnace Fires*



Mitchell was silent for a moment. He seemed dazed, uncertain of himself. His lips were trembling. Suddenly, his glance shifted.

"Ask that fellow in th' box," he grunted.

Bill turned, frowning upward at Summers' control box. How could Summers know why the ingot had dropped? Still, something curious about this damnable accident. He decided to question, and called to Summers.

Dan Summers swung himself down the iron ladder and reached the ground. He was tall, with a strong face, and deep-set, rather staring eyes.

"Know anything about this accident?" questioned Bill abruptly.

Summers shrugged. "I know Arkwright's been killed," he said tonelessly, and made to turn away.

"Wait!" ordered Bill. "Mitchell here suggests you know how it happened. Do you?"

Summers was shrugging again when Mitchell's voice cut in with a remark that considerably startled Bill.

"Tell him," he said harshly to Summers, "how you kept 'Bessie' trained so's her flames played on me just when Arkwright was stepping beneath th' ingot."

Summers stared and then laughed quietly.

"Bah!" he ejaculated, "if you expect anyone to believe that tale, you're crazy. Twenty years you've driven that crane and never complained of 'Bessie's' heat."

"You kept it on me a-purpose!" accused Mitchell, raising his voice sharply. "You kept that damned fiery red heat playin' on me until," Mitchell's voice faltered suddenly, "I—I pulled the wrong lever and killed poor old Arkwright."

"You're mad," said Summers briefly.

"Mad is it?" stormed Mitchell, clenching his fists.

Stepping between the two men, and shouldering Mitchell back, Bill thought furiously: "I knew damn well there was something curious about the accident." He looked at the two dark, furnace-bronzed men. Mitchell's face, lined and creased, was contorted with rage. Summers' face, scarcely lined at all, wore a calm, almost contemptuous expression. He decided suddenly which man was lying.

"Summers," he said, "I can't prove anything, but Mason will take over from you. Turn-to on the container."

Dan Summers looked startled, and his gaze narrowed.

"You're putting th' number two blower in my place, eh?" he gritted. "And me down to a lad's job!"

"That's it," said Bill shortly, "and we'll see how it works."

Summers drew a long breath.

"All right, mister," he growled, "but you've moved the wrong man, an' maybe you'll know it one of these days."

"Back to your crane, Mitchell," ordered Bill as he watched Summers striding away. Tight-lipped, he wondered whether he had acted wisely.

An hour later, still troubled about the accident and a number of vague doubts as to his subsequent action, he was standing at the base of a blast-furnace. Unobserved, he watched Harry Royden "running" a seventy-ton lot of ore. He liked Lucy's father and, for obvious reasons, wanted the liking to become mutual.

Royden saw him, and his long, gaunt face seemed to darken. Casually stepping across the little river of ore that, directed by sand channels, was running down into the ladle, he moved to Bill's side.

"Hear you've been up at my house again, mister?" he said, peering upward.

"That's so." Bill nodded pleasantly. "And I want to have a chat with you pretty soon, Mr. Royden. Something to tell you about Lucy and myself."

The blast furnace foreman's lips compressed into a thin, straight line. He shook his head slowly.

"You've nothing to tell me," he said. "I want my girls to marry the right kind of men." He paused, looking Bill up and down. "Be all right if you were like your dad. You aren't, though, and I don't reckon that overall changes you."

Flushing involuntarily, Bill thought: "They don't know me yet. They don't realise I'm as much one of them as my father is. Oh! well . . ."

Aloud, he said: "Sorry you don't approve of me, because, well, it's rather important you should."

Royden glared at the calm young man in stony silence. Presently his lips twitched, and he retorted:

"Now, look here, son of the old man or not, I'm warning you—keep away from my girl."

The shifts were changing. Men from other parts of the works were trudging past and, as Royden spoke, a down-bent head jerked erect. Halting in his tracks, Dan Summers stared at the two men.

"Keep away from my girl, eh?" he muttered and, clenching his fists, added: "By God! is that the reason I'm not seein' Betty around at lunch time?" A moment he stood, before striding off into the darkness.

Unwilling, with the shift-men jostling past, to pursue their argument, Bill changed the subject abruptly. Royden was an old and trusted hand. See if he had any theories.

"Any idea what's wrong with our steel these days, Mr. Royden?"

Harry Royden didn't answer at once. Stooping, and using an implement resembling a garden hoe, he was pushing aside a quantity of slag that was floating down on top of the ore. Bill watched the red, bubbling slag find its way down the waste channel. Presently, Royden straightened.

"Tell you one thing, mister," he said almost belligerently, "you needn't come looking for the trouble here. If you know anything about ore," he added, pointing down to the slowly filling ladle that would soon be hauled away to the container, "you'll know this is th' best."

Bill was about to agree when, suddenly, there was a whoosh! from the base of the furnace. The stream of ore, pouring from where it had been tapped, was not flowing freely and smoothly now. It was spurting forth, impelled by gases that had failed to find their ordinary upward escape.

"Watch her, men, she's trying to blow!" growled Royden, seizing a long iron bar or "stopper," whose head consisted of a congealed slag lump, and rushing forward to stem the vicious spurt before it became too late.

Lurid light flashes stabbed the comparative gloom that had been. Fragments of ore and slag sizzled through the air. Amongst them, and to all appearances oblivious of the danger Royden might be unable to avert, men laboured to confine the swollen red river to its normal channels.

Bill saw the sweat streaking down their faces, heard their rough jests, and thought suddenly: "The way to know these men is to watch 'em at work." His glance dwelt on the swiftly flowing ore and he added impulsively: "Laughing, by jingo! Joking together, when every one of 'em knows that that damned molten metal may easily pour over their feet."

Then, without warning, Bill's thoughts became a trifle out of hand. Staring at the white-hot furnace mouth, now being expertly stoppered by Royden, he was conscious that his eyes were glinting. "Damnation!" he thought, "what is that fierce glow doing to me? Why can't I take my eyes from it?"

At last, making a tremendous effort, he forced himself to glance away—to Royden, to the others. He felt shaken, and wondered whether anyone had noticed. Then he heard Royden's voice calling: "Got her now! All right, men."

Royden stepped to his side again.

"That question o' yours," he grunted, drawing a grimy hand across his brow, "I'm sayin' nothing because I know nothing, but, if you've any sense, you'll keep your eyes lifting around the 'Bessie' plant. Good iron ore," he added bluntly, "shouldn't turn out bad steel."

Bill walked away thoughtfully. What did Royden mean? Good ore shouldn't. . . . Wait! Had Summers been failing them, teeming the metal out of "Bessie" before its time? That accident! Arkwright had been up the shop complaining about the quality of steel coming to his rollers. Well, soon settle that point. Mason was blower now.

He entered the rail shop. Raising his voice above the din of grinding rollers, he called to a foreman:

"How are your rails now?"

"Bad!" came the blunt reply. "They're in the shape of rails but not much more. Be condemned afore they get past th' inspector chap."

Bill nodded and walked up the shop. Not Summers' fault, then, unless. . . . His steps quickened. Mason might be hand in glove. He climbed to the control box.

"What's amiss with your steel?" he demanded.

Mason turned a rugged, honest face.

"Wish I knew, mister," he grunted, and then added: "Th' flame's right, th' temperature's right, an' she's getting the proper amount of manganese an' t'other stuff. Hell!" he finished impulsively, "I can't understand it."

Bill thought: "Well, he's telling the truth, anyway!" Aloud, he questioned:

"Find you can work without upsetting Mitchell?"

Mason's jaw clamped a little.

"'Bessie's' never interfered with Mitchell," he growled. "Why should it—any more than th' soaking-pit? Reckon he gets a darn sight hotter when he's near that!"

The red bubbling liquid surrounded him.
"The crane!" roared Royden

Bill was silent. He wanted to think: "Summers didn't *mean* to upset Mitchell. It *was* an accident." Mason went on:

"Mister," he said frankly, "I reckon you want Dan Summers back here. He was puzzled same as me—but he's your best blower."

"You'll carry on," snapped Bill shortly. He knew the truth of Mason's words, and was almost as much annoyed with himself as with the other's suggestion.

However, Mason had given him an idea and, striding away to the office, he took down files showing the metallurgists' reports on the stocks of material recently purchased and now being used. There *were* valueless substances that could produce that flame-tip, and thus seem to be doing the work of manganese and silicon. But no! their materials were good, the best obtainable.

"Well," he grunted, changing to go home for a few hours sleep, "I'll get around to-morrow evening, and I won't leave the shops until I've discovered something."

The following noon, Bill emerged from the main office, climbed into his two-seater car, and drove out of the works. The office girls had preceded him by a few minutes and, a hundred yards down the road, he pulled up beside one of them.

"Hop in," he said, smiling, and holding open the door.

Betty Royden, small, neat, and fair, shook her head.

"I'd rather walk, Mr. Carruthers," she said, avoiding his gaze.

"Nonsense," said Bill. "Dash it, you know that until your stubborn parent sees things differently this driving you home is my only chance of seeing Lucy."

"People are beginning to talk," objected the girl, "and you see . . . oh!" The exclamation coincided with a heavy tread.

Glancing up, Bill saw Dan Summers approaching. He wondered idly why his eyes were blazing, and his great hands bunched. He thought suddenly: "That change—he doesn't like it!"

But Summers seemed scarcely to notice him. Glaring at the girl, he said:

"So it's true, then? You lied when I questioned about this chap last night! You *have* taken up with him. You. . . ."

"Dan!" The girl's eyes flashed a warning. "Don't shout at me. You know it isn't true. You know . . ."

"Bah!" interrupted the other savagely, "I know what I see. All right," he added violently, "go in his car. Take up with th' chap who's downed me, and be damned to you!"

"What the devil d'you mean, Summers?" cut in Bill harshly, and moved to step from the car.

Betty Royden forestalled him. From being intolerable to herself, the situation had become suddenly tense. There was hatred in Dan's eyes. Mr. Carruthers' fists were clenching. Deciding abruptly, she clambered into the car and caught his arm.

"Drive me home, will you?" she said in a small, hard voice.

"Dash it!" exclaimed Bill, attempting to free himself, "I can't . . ."

Summers settled matters by gritting: "Go to hell the pair of you!" and stalked away.

"Well I'm damned!" ejaculated Bill, having already partially relieved his feelings by crashing noisily through the gears. "I say," he added impulsively, "sorry about that fuss, and sorry Summers thinks I've butted in."

"It—it doesn't matter," said the girl, fighting with tears, "I'll be able to explain to-night, when he's cooled down."

"I'll see him myself," said Bill, through his teeth.

"No, please, you mustn't," cried the girl swiftly. She paused momentarily before questioning: "What did he mean about you downing him?"

Bill found it expedient to concentrate on his driving. How to tell a chap's girl that he suspected something not very pleasant? Although, as he admitted to himself, Mason's blunt certainty that "Bessie" hadn't interfered with Mitchell had shaken that suspicion.

"I'm afraid he's a bit sore with me," he said at length, "about an experiment I'm trying," and hoped the girl hadn't heard about Summers' replacement. Then Betty Royden made a startling remark.

"Poor old Dan," she said softly, "he's not quite himself just now. That horrible accident—Sam Arkwright was his best friend, you know."

Bill's grip on the steering wheel tightened considerably. "Good Lord!" he thought sharply, "from the way Summers took things I'd have sworn . . . and I acted mostly on that, too!"

* * *

Back in the office, Bill attended to a host of matters almost mechanically, and with most of his thoughts elsewhere.

Had he made a mistake about Summers? Certain, before, that Mitchell had spoken the truth, it seemed impossible, now, to believe that Summers had had any deliberate intention of causing Arkwright's death.

Damnation! What was at the back of that accident? Was it or was it not connected with their steel troubles? What about Mitchell himself? Arkwright had been complaining . . . but Mitchell didn't make steel, only carried ingots about. Another thought came. Was Mitchell past it? Ought *he* to be replaced?

It was dark when he left the office and made for the Bessemer plant. He walked along one of the light rail-tracks, a network of which ran through and about the extensive works, connecting blast-furnaces, Bessemer plant, distant slag-heaps, rail shop, as well as coke, lime, ore and other stocks of material in a systemised whole.

He heard the warning toot of an engine, and stepped aside. He was beneath an arc-light, and saw that the engine was shunting a truck of manganese and silicon lumps. A set of points lay ahead, and movement was slow. Subconsciously noting the truck number—600—he shouted to the driver in the men's jocular way: "Th' next feed for 'Bessie'?"

The driver, a man named Trent, replied: "Aye, that's it, mister," and passed on with his burden.

Leaving the tracks, Bill took a short cut and came to the Bessemer plant. Mason was teeming off into the ladle, and the dazzling brilliancy of the lights caused him to blink and shade his eyes for a moment. He came to a standstill.

Presently, more accustomed to the glare, he found himself staring at "Bessie's" gaping mouth. A queer sort of fascination came over him and, recalling sharply his thoughts when staring fixedly at Royden's furnace mouth the night before, he tore his gaze away.

"I should think," he muttered to himself, "it wouldn't be very difficult for a chap to get curious ideas into his head if he stared too long into that hellish glare," and then, angry with himself, he squared his shoulders and grunted: "Damn it! What's wrong with me?"

"Bessie's" mouth was tilting upward, now. It was manoeuvring into position beneath the supply pipe . . . ore was pouring in.

Farther down the shop, Mitchell's crane was moving about taking ingots from the soaking-pit to the rollers. It seemed to Bill that they were being handled in a perfectly efficient way.

In response to an instinctive feeling that he was being stared at, Bill shifted his glance. He saw that Dan Summers, standing near the container, was watching him intently. There was unfriendliness in Summers' eyes and Bill moved forward impulsively to speak to him. "Might," he thought, "clear the air a bit."

Then, the stumpy little engine fussed in on the track he had been about to cross and he was compelled to halt. He watched the engine draw to a standstill and, idly, transferred his gaze to the truck. It was about to be uncoupled. In a few moments it would be hoisted to the men who must fling those heaped up manganese and silicon lumps into "Bessie's" mouth.

About to move round the truck and approach Summers, Bill found himself suddenly staring fixedly at the truck side. The number painted thereon was 484. "Odd," he thought, puckering his brow, "what's happened to truck 600?" With curiosity in his voice he called to Trent.

"I say, where's that other truck you were shunting?"

Trent peered at him from the engine-cab. For an instant his eyes seemed to flicker, as though with uneasiness.

"Mistake!" he grunted shortly. "Found I'd got the wrong one, mister."

"The wrong one?" Bill was puzzled by the reply. "What d'you mean? It had manganese in it, same as this. Why didn't you bring it in? Here," he called, turning abruptly to the men uncoupling, "hold everything!" and he strode across to examine the contents of truck 484.

He clambered up the truck side and lifted a lump of the material. His thoughts pounded. The weight alone told him that it was neither manganese nor silicon. He peered more closely. Good Lord! this was the trouble—this waste substance.

He straightened, shouting harshly to Trent: "Here, come out of that cab and let's hear what you know about this! You fellows, too," he added, calling up to the feeders on the platform above, and thinking quickly: "They aren't fools . . . must know they haven't been handling the right stuff . . . must be in the game, whatever it is."

Trent's reply was a startling one. Grinding out a vicious oath, he wrenched at levers. Steam hissed, engine and truck buffers crashed together and, in a series of spasmodic jerks, movement began.

The first jerk unbalanced Bill and, to save him-

(*continued on page* 30)

Better Watch

● Thoughts are turning to the St. Leger so in this article in the "Thinking Aloud" series

J. MURRAY SMITH

interprets the thoughts of the superintendent of the detective force attached to the racecourses of Great Britain. He travels the country with picked men, attending all race-meetings and always on the look out for 'turf crooks'

BLESS my soul, what a lot of people! 'Tisn't as though half of 'em stand any chance of seeing the races. Still, they're too busy, for that matter, looking at all the other sights—and getting through their spare shillings.

Usual crowd here to help 'em do that, of course. Expect the old confidence tricks will be played the same as ever—the old three-card trick, the skittle game, and all the rest. And the bookies'll be welshing, over there on the free side, and there's nothing we can do to stop *that*.

Suppose it would take too many uniformed men to keep observation on all the bookies on the hill . . . still, we know now that our lot in the enclosures are all right. None of that stuff about them.

My word, it's getting hotter—where's that handkerchief?—ah, that's better. Pity the wife can't be here to-day, but—*know that face*.

Who the devil is he, now? Recognised me all right, by the way he shinned away between those cars. That hat—jaunty angle—loud checks—let me see . . . ah!

Got it! *Parker*. What'll he be doing now? Bit of tipping, daresay. Yes, he started as a tipster, about thirty years ago. Did three months for welshing, when he was a bookie, after the 'twenty-nine Derby. That's right. Then we shifted him out of Newmarket, that spring meeting—and now he's cropped up here again.

He'll know better than to try getting into the enclosures, where the real money is. Small fry are his mark, anyway, and we can't cover the downs. Pity, because someone is likely to lose more than a bet or two to-day, with that dirty thief about.

Phew! Blessed if my feet don't almost feel like aching already, so to speak. That won't do—there are several hours of standing about to be done yet. Here's the grandstand, anyway, so we'll at least be in the shade.

Seem to be a lot of additional constables here—more faces that I don't know every month. Plenty of new blood coming into the Force these days——

"Good-day to *you*. Glorious, isn't it? Yes, I want to see Mr. Dorling if I can only force a way—through—yes, see you later."

Might have asked after his wife if I'd thought of it—she was ill a week or two ago. My word, this air is good, even with all the people to breathe it up. Shouldn't mind having my legs across a horse myself to-day, though a gentle canter's more in my line—ah, here we are.

"Good-day, Mr. Dorling. Yes, indeed. Very fine, as you say. Well, now; all the men are well placed, and there are one or two extra in the paddock. Can't be too careful with this crowd. That's all, sir."

Cut through to the lawn this way—it's quicker. And now for a word with the Major, before lunch; and take a look at this new superintendent of the uniformed men—young Scotsman and a smart fellow, so they tell me. Well, we may need him later . . .

Well, now; if this isn't one of the biggest crowds I've seen here in many a year. It's going to be tricky work, keeping a real look-out—people wedged together so's they can hardly move, and all shoving like the very devil around the bookies. Perfect day for the pick-pockets. . . .

This fellow here, now. Seen his face somewhere

St. Leger day. But they don't all go to watch the races

before—not exactly a criminal type, though. That tan's too deep for England—India, perhaps. He's looking pretty hard. Seems to know me—I have it. Older, perhaps; heavier, yes. But that's Jim Bounds or I'm a——

"Yes, you're right, Jim." Looks surprised to hear his name. Sure to, after twenty years. "Don't remember me, do you?" Aha, he knows me, now, all right—and doesn't he look pleased! "No, I don't forget a face, especially one I used to know so well as yours. Well, how are you?"

Yes, always thought life would be kind to him—and he *has* got on. Wasn't enough scope for him in the army, anyway. Bless me, this *is* a place to meet people. . . .

"Well, here's my card. I'm busy just now, but telephone me, won't you . . ."

Now, down to the paddock. Want to see big Ben—ah, there he is.

"Ben!"

What ears that man has. Not much more than a whisper, and in this row—yet he heard at once. Here he comes, sideways, casual.

Don't think anyone would guess he was making for me. No sign of recognition, of course—back to me—that's it.

"All right, Ben? I've been thinking about the Shoreditch boys—three of 'em released last week, you know. Daresay this place'll seem like a godsend to them. Keep a strict watch for any of 'em in the paddock when you take over there. If you spot one let me know—the whole gang's sure to be here. We'll round 'em up and detain 'em as usual until all the people are safely home in bed. All right, Ben."

There he goes, steady as a mountain, solid as a rock. Would give a lot of people here confidence if they knew about Ben's job. Nearly lost him, too, in that Lincoln brawl—would have done, if that brick hadn't missed. Expect his wife is glad things aren't what they were—same as mine.

This looks like "They're off"—the first race already—looks like George's hat over the heads of all those people, coming this way. Yes, that's his hat sure enough—making for me. What's he want?

Shoreditch Mike? Surely not. Must be certain.

"Get a good look at him, George? Pity. I know, it's not easy to-day. Know his walk? Of course, he limps a bit, doesn't he? Which way'd he go. H'm, I see. Get along there, then, and warn Ben. I'll follow later. Try to pick him up again, if it *is* our man, and don't lose him. Let him have a bit of rope, and don't let him spot you—he knows you, doesn't he. Yes, of course, he won't forget that day in a hurry. Right then—give him the chance to contact with the rest of his fellows—they're bound to be here, he never works alone—and we'll get them all together. Right."

Darn it, just when I was beginning to think the day looked fine for everyone. Well, let's hope we nab that lot before they have time to—there's the Scotsman. Give him the tip—it's a job for some of his men.

He can see I want him—here he comes.

"One of my men thinks he's spotted Shoreditch Mike here. Leader of the old Shoreditch gang we broke up three years ago. He went down for twelve months. Remember? His own line is the pick-pocket game, and if my man is not mistaken he'll have his tribe with him. We'll round them up if it

That Man

is Mike and hand them over to you. All right? Right."

Lot of people around the bookies. Got two or three men here, so can safely leave this enclosure. Get . . . along here . . . past "Tat's" . . . and the Jockey-room enclosure.

Must be a million people between here and the paddock. All so darned keen on the races they're as careless as—*there's Crowley*. Don't want him here, that's certain. Undesirable Number One."

"Hi, Crowley!"

Looks as though he'd like to make a bolt for it—thinking better of that already. Get Jackson to see him off. Here they come, both of them.

"Thought you'd know better than to come here, Crowley. You know what I told you at Ayr, don't you? Well, this ends to-day's racing for you. All right, Jackson, see him out. *Don't come back, Crowley.*"

He won't, not if I know the breed. Took a chance that he wouldn't be spotted. Knows it isn't worth the candle, now. First hint of a complaint we'd pick him up.

Now for some work. Climb up a tier or two . . . not so congested there. Good. Past . . . the Weighing-room enclosure . . . and the Hill stand . . . bless my soul, this is the hottest meeting this year—in more ways than one.

See Ben right over there—can spot him a mile off. And there's George, watching the crowd at the mounting ring. That'll be Cope, over towards the saddling stalls and Dixon by the number frame. Where's Jenkins, then? Can generally spot his old bowler, on top of that long thin neck. He ought to —ah, there, beyond the ring. That's the lot, with three or four constables in support. That should be enough.

There comes a messenger—bet he's looking for me. What's the matter with him, for heaven's sake!

"Hey, you! Want me?"

A note. From the office. Don't like the look of this at all. Come open!

Wallet stolen, eh? H'm—begins to look like Mike's work already. Perhaps that's a good thing for us. We'll make a job of it this time, if we get the chance.

"All right. No answer—but report where you found me. That's all."

They'll know it's unusual for me so far from "Tat's" and guess that we've got something on. Hope so, anyway. Don't want to attract attention by scribbling messages in broad daylight.

Get over more towards Ben. See he's on to something by the set of him. Blessed bulldog, that's what he is.

"What about it, Ben. Mike's here, isn't he? The rest of them, too? Good. Well, there's been one theft here already, so they're working fast. We'll do the same. You sort out Mike for yourself. Keep it quiet, of course, but if necessary——! Right."

Wander over towards George by the rail. Reckon he's beginning to enjoy himself—too much peace and security doesn't agree with him. Here he is.

"Who's that? Schmidt! Why, damme, he was deported only last year! This isn't his line, anyway. Nothing subtle about that brute. He was one of Mike's gang when they were working the pay-or-smash business—he did most of the smashing. All right, George, keep your eye on him. I'll send word."

Darned if I like the look of this. Ah, here they come from the second race. Didn't even notice the "off." If Mike's got a fellow like Schmidt with him he's got him as a bodyguard, not for any other reason —well, we'll cook the Schmidt goose right away. Jenkins, coming.

"We'll collect them in five minutes, Jenkins. You know what to do? Good. Haven't worked with us for long, have you? Well, this is a chance for you. First, I want you to stand by George—as you were, Mr. Grose—when we take Schmidt. Mr. Grose'll point him out to you. He's to be handed straight over to the uniformed police—they want him as an undesirable alien. I'll see that they expect him. Right."

Now for Cope. He's seen me coming. Looks a bit hot—sign that he's on to something.

"What do you know, Cope? Working again, are they. Well, Ben'll look after Mike himself. You take that sandy-haired little thug that always pushes the 'mug.' First though, shin around to the others and give them the word to close in. Warn the sergeant, Goodson, too. We'll need his help. Off you go."

Bless me, what a crowd there is over there! Never seen the ground so black with people—wish that confounded thing would play another tune! Why do they always—ah, about time we closed in.

"Excuse me—thank you." Just a bit of pushing. "Beg pardon, sir. Thank you." Through here—and there's Ben——

"All right, Ben. You too, Jenkins."

I'll take this side. Doesn't look as though they even suspect anything, yet. My word, but this Mike's an unpleasant looking chap. *Now then.*

"That'll do, Mike. Come along. The rest of you as well."

Completely surprised, damme.

"No good looking round for Schmidt, Mike. We've got him, too. Well, are you coming along, or——? That's right. Walk straight ahead, along the footway to the stands—thank you. The other side with you, Ben, and hold him good and hard. You there, Jenkins. Constable you in front—and you, constable, follow up. Right, march!"

Don't think there are any more than these three, and Schmidt. Quite enough to do a great deal of harm, though. Strange, not a soul seems to have noticed a thing. Well, that's the way I like it.

"Turn left, constable—straight to my office—that's the way. All right, get the Superintendent."

Now for a little quiet interrogation—might clear up the mystery of the missing wallet. Doubt whether they'll have passed it on, since they thought—Mike, now.

"Listen, you. We've received a complaint that a wallet has been stolen. What do you know about it?" Damme, I believe that fellow would do me an injury if he could. Bad fellow, altogether, no doubt. However . . . ah, he's taking the easy course.

"Thank you. Lay it there on the table—and *you* — take your hands out of your pockets—ah, you've got one, too. In that case we'll no doubt find a complaint to fit it."

Not bad at all, not bad. Ben's looking quietly pleased with himself—feels these things like a personal injury. Ah, here's the superintendent.

"There they are, my friend. And there's the evidence. You want the complainants, of course. Well, see you later."

Hot out here after the cool of the room. Expect those four would prefer not to be so cool. Pity.

Now, I wonder what won the big race . . . .

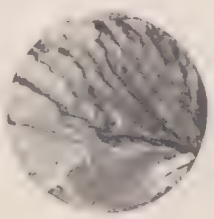
There's a *'lift'* for you in AERO

FEELING hot and tired — low-spirited? AERO will pick you up and put you back to normal. AERO is different from ordinary chocolate for this reason : it's milk chocolate in a new form — crisp, light, and easy to bite.

It just dissolves in your mouth (no need to chew hard) and like a flash you've got the new full flavour — but more than that — it digests twice as quickly as hard chocolate. And because it digests quickly it gives you quick energy (that's what we mean when we say it gives you a " lift"). AERO is never sickly or cloying. It's so light you can eat twice as much — that's why it's an ideal summer chocolate.

No matter what you're doing — working hard or playing hard — AERO will keep you going. Ask for AERO at any sweet-shop — they know the name as well as their own — AERO — the chocolate that gives you a quick " lift."

Texture
AERO chocolate
(magnified)
Note the delicate surfaces. You get the flavour of chocolate instantly. By overcoming lumpiness these surfaces make the chocolate more palatable and easy to digest.



Texture
hard chocolate
(magnified)
Compare this with the illustration on the left.

LOOK AT THE TEXTURE!
Patent applied for

KEEP ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

Happiness isn't a state of mind—it's a state of health. And how can you expect to be gay and jolly when your system is poisoned by constipation? Get your internal health right and you'll soon be happy.

Here's what to do. Eat two tablespoonfuls of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN every day and you'll soon find that your intestines will act in normal, regular way. In cases of chronic constipation, eat it with each meal. For ALL-BRAN contains the "bulk" necessary to exercise them.

ALL-BRAN is a delicious cereal food. Serve with cold milk or cream. No cooking required. Sold by all grocers.

7½D Per Packet

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

the gentle, natural way to relieve
CONSTIPATION

Short Short Story
COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE
by
Spencer Cooper

"Managed it all right, didn't you?" he said, casually.

Coils *of* Junk

JOHN MAXWELL, at the tiller of his yacht, making the entrance to Chichester Harbour, had forgotten, for the moment, the partner he was hurrying to meet. He was thinking of nothing beyond the immediate handling of the vessel, which means that he was utterly content.

A summer gale was blowing in from the Nab against the strong ebb, and behind him was a waste of white furrowed water, with the Isle of Wight standing up green and bright against a horizon hard as a steel rule. With a reef down and its sheets eased away, the yacht ran before the bellowing wind in great swoops, Maxwell's hand on the tiller alternately easing and holding her.

The gale blew out of a clear sky and the early sun lit up the face of his fourteen-year-old son squatting on the lee side of the cockpit in a replica of his own high-necked blue sweater and a juvenile edition of his reefer jacket. The yacht soared forward with backstays singing.

"Seems to know we're in a hurry, Peter!" Maxwell commented—and at once he had reminded himself.

But the boy only nodded happily. "Father, let me take her over the bar! You promised I should, one day when it was blowing."

"We're a bit late on the ebb, Peter. It may be breaking with this wind. Could you hold her, d'you think?"

"I should think so," the boy judged seriously. "You'd be standing by, anyway, wouldn't you?"

Three times a great sea with roaring comb flung them up and raced them shorewards. Twice they rode straight before it. The third caught their stern and they swung, poised on the slope of it while broken water tumbled down at them.

"Dad!"

Peter was arched across the cockpit, both hands on the tiller, straining it hard up towards the danger. But his eyes were not on the sea. They were fixed on his father.

Maxwell forced himself to hold rigid, forced himself not to leap to the boy's assistance, forced himself to grin cheerfully and unconcernedly. The boy had been just too late with his helm, but now he was doing the right thing; there was nothing else to be done—nothing, save to be quite unconcerned and reinforce the boy's confidence.

"Managed it all right, didn't you?" he said, casually. "Might as well keep her now you've got her. I'll hop down and shave."

That was the end of the trip for Maxwell. He could not forget any longer that he was John Maxwell, part-owner of an advertising agency; that the bank was being difficult; that within an hour he would be speeding up to London in David Sanders' car, and on the way he must argue with his partner, argue with him, persuade him . . .

Peter paddled him ashore, and they landed where the tiny triangular waves were slapping against the *Buzzard*, Peter's own boat, hauled in for repair and renewals.

"Finish her off to-day, if I can," the boy declared; and Maxwell nodded enviously. How cheerfully would he have stayed to help, instead of driving up to his office.

Half-an-hour later David Sanders had arrived in his car from Wittering and they were on the road to Chichester.

"Good week-end, John?" Sanders inquired.

Maxwell made a careful business of lighting his pipe. Already the exhilaration of that sparkling dance over the bar had faded.

"Not bad!" he conceded. "Down to Yarmouth, back to Bembridge yesterday, and came across this morning."

"Well?"

Maxwell's teeth clenched on his pipe stem.

"I still want to do it," he said at last.

"Um!" Sanders' eyes were fixed on the road ahead. "I thought, perhaps, you might have changed your mind. I mean, speaking as a landlubber, I thought that sailing acted as a sort of mental dose of salts. Got you down to fundamental values. You can't cheat the sea, and that sort of thing."

Maxwell laughed uncomfortably. "Oh, bosh, David! The fundamental we're up against is, what do we say to the bank? What did you arrange?"

"I told Venables we'd go in and see him at three this afternoon."

"There you are, then. What do we say to him? We're in a jam. This wire account would be a godsend, and it's ours for the asking. It's worth a thousand a year to us!"

"And for the first time we'd be advertising stuff we knew was junk," Sanders pointed out.

"Plenty of other agencies would take it on."

"And plenty wouldn't. You said yourself that it's a crime to put forward flexible steel wire of that sort for any real work. They're wasting their money advertising it."

"If we don't take it, what's the alternative?" Maxwell demanded.

Sanders hesitated. "Cut down," he said at last. "Pull our belts in for the time being."

There was silence while the car threaded through Chichester and lengthened her stride again on the London road.

"It's Peter," Maxwell said. "It's costing me two hundred a year in school fees alone. And they say he's almost certain for his Second Fifteen colours this winter. He must stay on, David."

"I said I'd leave the decision to you, John."

"I know. Well, dammit, I hate it as much as you do. I don't want to be mixed up with the filthy muck. But—Peter—you should have seen him bringing *Vanity* over the bar this morning—he's such a splendid kid—I want to give him everything."

"I know, John, I know. That's settled, then. Here, you're pipe's out. Have a cigarette."

"Thanks, David," Maxwell muttered. "It's decent of you."

Sanders blew a long stream of smoke. "The stuff looks reasonable, doesn't it?" he inquired. "Didn't they send you a coil?"

"Yes. They sent a coil of light stuff down to Bosham when they heard I kept a yacht there. But, of course, I wouldn't use junk like that. It isn't safe."

Sanders grinned mirthlessly. "And the odd thing is, if you didn't happen to be a yachtsman we wouldn't know that. I'd never have guessed. Well, I'll go round and get 'em to sign the contract this morning. Then we'll have something solid to show Venables."

It was well that they had something as solid as the signed contract to show. They had need of it. Venables was a friend of long standing; he was friendly still. But, with a technique peculiar to bank managers, he contrived, while preserving his friendship intact, to divorce it from the business in hand.

Before the contract was produced it was obvious that the bank was going to be difficult; very pleasantly, but quite inflexibly, it was going to refuse to help. Maxwell had known all along that the contract was their only hope. Once that was lying on the table, Venables, the bank manager, adroitly blended with Venables the friend again.

". . . six months' accommodation, shall we say, John? That should see you through."

That's Peter's school fees safe, Maxwell told himself. He can stay on. It need only be for a year. We'll get other accounts by then and drop this one. I don't care. I don't, really. But it's damned decent of David to have agreed.

They were about to leave in a general atmosphere of amity and relief when a clerk slipped apologetically into the room.

"Excuse me, sir. There is an urgent message for Mr. Maxwell. Mrs. Maxwell has been 'phoning his office and they called through here."

He laid a slip of paper on the table. "That is the message as far as your office could make it out, Mr. Maxwell."

John Maxwell read two words.

His fingers clamped hold of the edge of the table till the solid mahogany creaked. The floor seemed to drop from under him, leaving him adrift in mid-air, sick and dizzy. Slowly, like a recalcitrant child learning a lesson, he forced himself to master the rest of the message. Only those first two words leapt out of the paper at him. "Peter drowned . . ." The rest kept sliding about on the slip.

"Peter drowned," he spelled out, "sailing Buzzard (?) this afternoon. New stays parted and mast went overboard carrying boy with it. Body picked up by . . ." He could take in no more.

He did not hear Sanders or Venables. He did not hear a whisper of the roaring traffic outside the window.

Peter drowned! Peter drowned!

Like a puzzled child he repeated: "New stays parted. New stays? But . . . there was no wire for new stays!"

He sat there, turning the slip of paper over and over in his fingers as though it could tell him more.

"There was wire!" he said suddenly and softly. "A whole shining coil of it. In the corner of the boathouse. There was that junk they sent me as a sample."

His head went down on the table and he began to laugh—hard, dry gasps of laughter—with his head lying on the signed contract.

MYSTERY *of the Flying Trapeze*

Another Molly O'Rourke Story

by FRANK KING

DETECTIVE-INSPECTOR POMEROY and Molly O'Rourke sat in the stalls and applauded vigorously. Molly was enjoying the evening. It was not very often she allowed Pom-Pom to bring her out like this, because it was rather disturbing to her peace of mind to see too much of him. She loved her work and would have hated to give it up; and she knew that in this connection Pom-Pom represented a danger. So although her blue eyes grew soft each time she glanced in his direction, she steeled herself not to show her feelings towards him.

"Full house," she observed, looking round at the packed theatre.

"Yes. Jolly good show, too, isn't it?"

"Fine! What's the next turn?"

Pomeroy glanced at his programme.

"Max and Betty," he said. "On the trapeze."

"I don't care much for that sort of thing. I'm always frightened of one of them falling."

"They never do that. The whole thing is worked out too carefully. It's just a question of timing."

The orchestra burst into a lively march and the curtain went up, disclosing a stage empty except for two trapezes. A moment later Max and Betty entered and, after a brief bow, swarmed up ropes to the trapezes.

"Fine looking couple," murmured Pomeroy.

The girl sat still, swaying gently on the trapeze while her partner performed almost incredible contortions. The house thundered its applause. But Molly looked away. This type of thing did not interest her, and she didn't like the man's dark, rather saturnine face.

Before long the orchestra grew noisier still and the trapezes swung slowly to and fro while Max and Betty flashed through the air, leaping gracefully from one to the other as though they had spent their lives in the tree tops.

At last came the roll of drums indicating the inevitable climax. Max hung head down from his trapeze while Betty prepared to somersault through the air.

"I wish they wouldn't do it," said Molly. "There's nothing underneath to catch them if they fall."

"They can't go wrong," smiled Pomeroy. "The whole thing is accurately timed. So long as they make no mistake about that, they're bound to be all right. Look! See how he's beginning to swing backwards and forwards. She knows just when to jump so that she'll reach him when he's at the nearest point to her."

The girl, too, was now beginning to swing backwards and forwards, propelling herself vigorously by the jerking of her limbs. The kettle drums ceased their tattoo, and the house was silent, tense. Faster and farther the white limbs flashed through the air until suddenly Betty released her hold of the trapeze. Her body seemed to curl up into a ball, spinning round like a catherine wheel in backward somersaults.

At last her hands shot out to meet her partner's—and a gasp came from the startled audience. Max was not there to catch her. He was swinging away from her.

Both he and his partner realised the fact at the same moment. Both made desperate efforts to bridge the distance between them. But their outstretched hands missed by inches. The white body flashed downwards. It reached the stage with a sickening thud.

Someone screamed. Max dropped from his trapeze like a cat, fell on his knees, and raised his partner's head. The curtain swished down and an excited hubbub of conversation broke out.

In a moment the stage manager appeared before the curtain and stilled the orchestra with a gesture. He was glad to say, he announced, that Miss Betty was not seriously injured, and that the accident need not spoil anyone's enjoyment of the show which would go on at once.

Molly sighed in relief.

The curtain went up again; and in a few moments they were laughing at the antics of a couple of comedians.

Molly's first job when she arrived at the Royal Edward Hospital each morning was to look through the list of admissions during the past twenty-four hours. Next day she was surprised to notice in this list a Mrs. Betty Maxton, age 22, theatrical artiste, admitted from the Colladium late last night with spinal injuries.

After she had attended to her correspondence—and her post as almoner necessitated a good deal of letter-writing—she walked along to Ward E into which Betty Maxton had been admitted. Just outside, she met the patient being brought back on a trolley from the X-ray room. As she stood aside to allow the porters to pass, Doctor Forest appeared.

Alan Forest, like everyone else in the Royal Edward Hospital, was in love with Molly's flaming hair and Irish smile.

"Morning, Miss O'Rourke," he said, flushing a little. "Anything I can do for you?"

"I'm interested in the patient who's just gone into the ward."

"Poor kid! She's a trapeze artiste. Fell last night, she tells me, and——"

"I know. I saw it happen. That's why I'm interested in her."

"She's a nice kid. Seems a cut above that sort of thing, somehow. Anyhow, she won't be able to do it again."

Molly gasped. "Is she so bad? You mean—crippled?"

"No, I don't think it'll be quite so bad as that. But there are definite small fractures of the spine, and it's quite certain she'll never be able to twist and tumble again."

"Walk properly?"

"Oh, yes. Anything ordinary. But certainly no trapeze work."

"That means her living gone, I suppose. Have you told her?"

"Not yet."

In the ward, the patient had been settled in bed Her back was in plaster-of-Paris, and she could not move. Without any make-up, her face looked pale, and older than her years. But Molly saw a certain dignity in it, something of that indefinable quality which the world calls breed.

She approached the bedside and stood smiling down on the prostrate figure.

"Hello!" she said. "I was at the Colladium last night, and saw your accident. Rotten hard luck!"

Her smile was infectious, but Betty Maxton did not respond.

"I'm not sure it *was* bad luck," she said curtly.

"You've just been talking to the doctor, haven't you?"

"Yes"

Both made a desperate effort to bridge the distance between them. Their hands missed by inches.

"Tell me what he said. But you needn't bother—I know. I'll never sit on a trapeze again."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that."

"It's true. I know it. I can feel it—in my back. Shall I be able to walk?"

"I'll tell you just what Doctor Forest said." Molly sat down on the bedside. "You'll be quite fit again for all ordinary purposes."

"But not—for the trapeze?"

"No."

"Oh, I'm glad!" The words burst out almost as though against the girl's will. "It—it's been hell!"

"Perhaps you'd like to tell me about it?"

"Why should I?"

"It—it might help you."

"Nothing can help me. I've been a fool, that's all. There are lots of others in the same box."

Molly smiled again.

"I'm the almoner here," she said. "It's my business to get to know all I can about the patients. I know from experience that many of them suffer much more than their physical condition warrants. I try to help them."

"I'll tell you," said Betty Maxton. "You'll see the kind of fool I am."

"If no one ever did anything foolish, the world would be a queer sort of place."

"That's a platitude, isn't it? Nice of you, perhaps—but it doesn't help. I won't mention any names, but I come from an old county family in Warwickshire. That sounds snobbish, I expect."

"No. I guessed as much. Go on."

"There's not much to tell, really. I met Robert Maxton at a night club during a season in London. I fell for him—infatuated. My people wouldn't hear of it, of course. My father cut me off with the proverbial shilling. But it didn't matter. I took no notice of anyone. We were married."

"You don't wear a ring."

"You can't—on a trapeze. It would get in the way."

"Did you know you were—going on the stage?"

"No. I'd no idea what Robert was. I never dreamed of asking about his financial position. When I discovered that he was just a music-hall artiste, I told myself I'd have to make the best of things. We hadn't a cent between us. I'd always been pretty keen on physical culture, and I went into training so that I could join him."

"That was plucky," said Molly.

"Think so? It seemed to me the only thing to do. Anyhow, I did it. And we've got on pretty well, as you'd see last night. If Robert had been different—but it's no use thinking of that. He isn't. I soon discovered what a fool I'd been. The temporary infatuation passed away—on both sides. We've just—well, gone on."

"You said it had been—hell."

"Yes. It's no joke flying about on a trapeze, knowing that the man on whom your safety depends is half drunk and as likely as not to miss you."

"Is that what happened last night?"

"I suppose so. Anyhow, I'm glad it's over. I couldn't have stuck it much longer. My nerves were going to pieces. And now—well, there's not much to look forward to."

"You still love him?"

"Not a bit. But"—Betty Maxton smiled wistfully—"well, a bargain's a bargain, isn't it? There's one thing I can say for him. He's never gone off with other women. So long as he keeps his side of it, I've got to keep mine."

"I see." Molly rose from the bed. "Your people ought to know about this accident, oughtn't they?"

"It wouldn't interest them. I'm no longer their daughter."

"Oh! Well, I'll be around again before long to see you."

Molly was thoughtful as she walked back to her office. Just another life being ruined by foolish pride. But was it foolish? Wasn't there something rather fine in that girl's refusal to back out of a bargain? All the same, something ought to be done about it. Those people of hers in Warwickshire ought to know that she'd be quite unable to earn her living in the future. Surely they wouldn't want her to starve?

It was not Molly's habit to poke her nose into other folks' business, but on this occasion she did feel that a certain amount of interference was justified. Perhaps Robert Maxton would give her the girl's real name and the address of her relatives. At any rate, it was worth trying.

She took a taxi to the boarding-house in Bayswater Terrace where the Maxtons had rooms. Robert Maxton received her clad only in flannel trousers and a sleeveless vest.

"I hope you'll excuse this outfit," he said. "I've just been doing my exercises."

Molly thought that if her husband had met with a serious accident due to her carelessness, she'd hardly be bothering about exercises the next morning.

"I'm the almoner of the Royal Edward Hospital," she said coldly. "I wanted to have a word with you about your wife."

"How is she? Why wouldn't they let me see her this morning?"

"She's not on the seriously ill list. The doctor is quite satisfied with her progress."

"Oh! Well, that's something. What about her heart?"

"I've heard nothing about that. Surely she has no trouble there?"

"Indeed she has—or used to have. It's been quite all right for a year or two. But a shock like last night must have brought it back again."

"Well, you'll be able to see for yourself this afternoon, Mr. Maxton, that she's quite comfortable. In the meantime, I want you to give me the name and address of her people in Warwickshire."

Robert Maxton started.

"She's been telling you all about herself?"

"Yes. I thought her people ought to know about this accident."

"She refused to give you her maiden name, I'll be bound."

"That's right."

"Then I can't tell you, can I?" Maxton smiled unpleasantly. "If she wishes to keep it secret, it's my business to respect her wishes."

Molly looked at him thoughtfully. She sensed an antagonism in him, and the dislike she had felt for him last night was increased. There was a hardness about his eyes, a cruel twist to his lips that repelled her. And as she watched him, it occurred to her that there was no evidence of the drunkenness of which his wife had spoken.

"I can't persuade you to tell me, then?"

"I'm sorry. If you wish for any information of that nature, you must ask my wife herself."

Vaguely troubled, Molly glanced round the room, wondering if there was anything more she could do. It was silly, perhaps; but she couldn't help asking herself if that fall last night had really been a genuine accident, or if the mistake in the timing had been—deliberate.

Her wandering gaze noted something in the fire, a tiny glass tube, red-hot, which had evidently been thrown in not long ago. Startled, she looked back at Maxton again. She had seen tubes like that in the hospital. They contained drugs for hypodermic injection. Was this man an addict?

His arms were bare. She could see no sign on them of the tiny punctures left by a hypodermic needle. She sighed in relief. That would have made the whole business infinitely worse.

"Well, I won't trouble you any more," she said.

"No trouble at all, miss. I'll mention it to Betty when I call in to see her this afternoon."

Molly returned to the hospital feeling strangely uneasy. She had nothing definite to go on, and yet she had an idea that there was more in this business than met the eye. She sought out Doctor Forest at once.

"What's wrong with Mrs. Maxton's heart?" she asked.

"Nothing," he replied.

"Her husband tells me that she'd a lot of trouble with it in the past. He's quite sure that her accident last night will have upset it."

Doctor Forest laughed.

"Her husband's wrong," he stated with assurance. "Her heart's as sound as a bell. If she's had what looked like heart trouble before, it's been just a question of nerves."

"Oh!"

Molly returned to her office and sat down staring at the papers on her desk. Robert Maxton had lied to her. Or was it just an honest mistake?

She tried to busy herself with her work, but she could not get the question out of her mind. She decided to see him again when he came to the hospital in the afternoon.

Shortly before lunchtime the hall porter rang through to enquire if she would see a Mr. Lawson. Mr. Lawson proved to be a solicitor, stout, bustling and rather pompous.

"They tell me I can't see a client of mine this morning, miss," he blustered as soon as he came into the room.

"That's right, Mr. Lawson. It's a rule of the hospital."

"I'm a very busy man, and I've taken time off to come here——"

"Excuse me. We're all busy in this hospital. That's why the rule is made."

(*continued on next page*)

Continuing MYSTERY *of the* FLYING TRAPEZE

"Er—yes, I see." Mr. Lawson climbed down a little. "Well, now, perhaps you will help me. My client is a Mrs. Maxton who was brought in after an accident at the Colladium last night. I saw the report in the paper, and I've come along to see if she's comfortable."

"Quite, thank you."

"It—er—it isn't everybody who cares for hospital life, is it? I just wondered if she'd be happier in a nursing home."

"I don't think you need worry about that, Mr. Lawson. In any case, I hardly think Mrs. Maxton could afford the fees at a nursing home."

"Afford the fees? Why, bless my soul! The girl's just inherited nearly half a million."

"She's—what!" gasped Molly.

"Her father, Admiral Sir Roger de Courcey, of Courcey Park, Warwickshire, died a few days ago. When his will was read it was found that he'd left most of his money to her. Rather surprising, because there'd been a kind of family tiff, and the girl was supposed to have been cut out of it altogether. I don't really know much about it. I'm only acting on instructions from Warwickshire."

"But—but she said nothing of this to me. Are you sure she knows about it?"

"Of course she knows! I rang up the theatre yesterday and told her husband all about it. You don't suppose he'd keep news like that from her, do you?"

"It—it's hardly likely." Molly didn't know what else to say. "Well, I'll have another talk with Mrs. Maxton; and if you'll leave your address, I'll communicate with you at your office."

"Thank you very much. There is, of course, no need to consider expense. I shall personally be prepared to advance any amount required. Within reason, of course."

Mr. Lawson bustled away. And Molly sat staring at his card with a growing horror creeping over her. She felt certain that Robert Maxton had not told his wife of her inheritance. Why? Was that—she caught her breath—was that the reason why Betty Maxton had fallen to almost certain death last night?

Oh, it was a horrible thought! But try as she would, Molly could not force it out of her mind. And quite suddenly she sat upright in her chair while her face paled and her little fists clenched. That glass tube she had seen in the fire at Maxton's rooms had taken on a new and very sinister significance.

For several minutes she sat there, her pale face troubled. Then, abruptly pulling the telephone towards her, she dialled the number of the Colladium.

"Hello!" she said when the call was through. "This is the Royal Edward Hospital. Can you give me the name of the doctor, please, who was called in to attend the accident last night?"

"Our regular physician—Doctor Edward Harvey."

"Thank you very much."

Molly's lips tightened as she dialled the doctor's number. This was a shot in the dark, with a vengeance! Yet somehow she felt that it might come off.

"Is Doctor Harvey in, please? This is the Royal Edward Hospital . . . Thank you, yes, I'll hold on . . . Oh, Doctor! This is Miss O'Rourke, almoner."

"Good morning, Miss O'Rourke. What can I do for you?"

"I want to ask you a rather curious question. You were called to the Colladium last night to see Mrs. Betty Maxton, who had fallen from a trapeze?"

"Was that her name? Yes. She was rather badly hurt."

"Did you—give her morphia?"

"I did. She was in a good deal of pain."

"Doctor, you haven't by any chance missed any of your drugs, have you?"

"Well, it's rather curious you should ask that. I thought I'd lost my complete hypodermic outfit. But when I called at the theatre this morning I found I'd left it there."

"Nothing missing."

"I don't think so."

"Would you mind—making sure?"

"Certainly."

Molly's fingers gripped the telephone until her knuckles showed white. In a few moments, Doctor Harvey spoke again.

"I say! This is very strange, Miss O'Rourke. There's a tube of digitalin missing. Is anything wrong?"

"No. At least, there may be. I'll ring you up again later, Doctor. Thank you very much."

Digitalin! After that talk about a weak heart! Molly's hands trembled a little as she rang up New Scotland Yard and asked for Detective-Inspector Pomeroy.

"I say, Pom-Pom! There's something rather dreadful happening. Can you come round here this afternoon?"

"Sure! What time?"

"About two."

"Very well. But look here! It's just on lunch time now. Couldn't we manage to feed together? Then you can tell me all about it."

"All right. Will you call here for me?"

"You bet I will!"

Molly sighed as she replaced the receiver. She lifted it again to dictate a telegram. Then she put on her hat and coat, and went to the main entrance to await Dectective-Inspector Pomeroy.

When Robert Maxton visited his wife that afternoon, he found her in a small side ward to which she had just been transferred. He stood looking down on her face for a moment, then stooped to kiss her.

"How are you feeling, honey?" he asked.

"Not too bad, thanks,"

"I can't think what happened last night. I've been worrying myself stiff about it."

"You mustn't. It was just—an accident. Sit down and talk to me. What's going to happen at the theatre?"

Maxton sat down at the bedside and fiddled in his waistcoat pocket.

"I'll have to carry on by myself," he said, "until I can find someone to take your place. I expect you'll be in here quite a while yet?"

"I expect so. Sit a bit nearer. I can't see you there."

Behind a screen in the main ward, Molly stood with Detective-Inspector Pomeroy. They were watching through a slit in the screen; and as they watched, Pomeroy's pleasant face grew grave.

"You were right," he muttered. "We'd better go in, hadn't we?"

"Yes." Molly caught his hand. "Leave it to me, won't you?"

"All right."

Robert Maxton looked up in surprise as they entered the side ward.

"Hello," he said. "I haven't asked Betty anything about that, yet."

"There's no need." Molly's blue eyes were hard. "I've learned all I want to know about her—from Mr. Lawson, the solicitor."

Maxton started visibly.

"What's he told you?" he demanded.

"Just what I'm going to tell your wife," replied Molly. "Listen, Mrs. Maxton. I've some news for you—bad news. Your father died a few days ago."

"Oh! I—I didn't know."

"Your husband knew. But he kept it from you."

"That's a lie!" cried Maxton.

"He also kept from you news which I think would have made you rather happy. Before he died, your father—forgave you."

"Oh!" Betty Maxton's eyelids fluttered. "I—I'm glad."

"He left you quite a lot of money. This solicitor, Mr. Lawson, got in touch with your husband yesterday and told him all about it."

"I've never heard such a pack of lies!" Maxton sprang to his feet angrily. "Are you suggesting——"

"This is Detective-Inspector Pomeroy," Molly went on coldly. "He's going to take you into custody on a charge of attempted murder."

"You're mad!"

"You can see now, Mrs. Maxton, why you—fell last night. Your husband grudged you even a share in your inheritance."

"Oh, no!" Betty Maxton's voice was almost a wail. "He—he wouldn't do that."

"Of course I wouldn't! It's the wildest of accusations." Maxton faced Pomeroy with a sneer. "You'd better get on with your arresting, hadn't you?"

"Wait a minute." Molly's tone was hard, incisive. "We've no proof of that. But we have proof of something else. When you saw that you'd failed in your attempt at murder, you immediately planned another. While the doctor was busy attending your injured wife, you stole his hypodermic case and extracted from it a tube of digitalin. Naturally, you'd have to be careful about poisoning your wife in hospital, and digitalin struck you as being the best drug to use. It is a heart tonic, but you knew that an overdose would cause heart failure. And there would be nothing very surprising in your wife dying of heart failure after such an accident—especially if you had prepared the way by suggesting that she suffered from heart trouble."

Maxton's face blanched, but he still tried to bluster.

"You're talking arrant nonsense!" he cried. "As though I'd be such a fool——"

Molly snatched up the drinking cup from beside the bed and held it out to him.

"You have just dissolved those tablets of digitalin in here," she said. "You were going to see that your wife drank this. If I'm talking arrant nonsense—well, prove it by drinking the stuff yourself."

For a moment Maxton stared at her, his features working evilly. Then, turning suddenly, he vaulted through the window on to the fire escape. His footsteps clanged hollowly as he ran down.

Detective-Inspector Pomeroy strolled casually towards the window and looked out.

"Yes," he said. "Our man's got him."

Molly had turned to the motionless figure on the bed.

"Are you satisfied now," she asked gently, "that you can go back home—without breaking your bargain?"

Betty Maxton's eyes were filled with tears.

"I—I can't thank you," she faltered. "I wouldn't have believed it but—oh, you're wonderful! Will you send for my mother, please, and tell her——"

"I've already done that," smiled Molly. "She's on her way here as fast as the afternoon express will bring her."

CURIO SNAPS

"Passing Show" readers who send in original photographs of queer sights suitable for this feature receive 10/6 for each picture published. They should enclose stamped addressed envelopes.

This Bengal Lancer's horse seems to manage very well on two legs

Indian prince's car cost £100,000. The decorations are all of silver

Rhubarb grows through 1½ inches of tarmac in the Isle of Man. It should be good—and tough

Blackbird who decided to take its young into a Welsh sanatorium has now taken up residence there—on top of the clock

Real American sausages grow on trees in Hawaii—but you can't eat them

Laughter

The "PASSING SHOW" Smile Section

" Are you sure you're not working from the wrong plan ? "

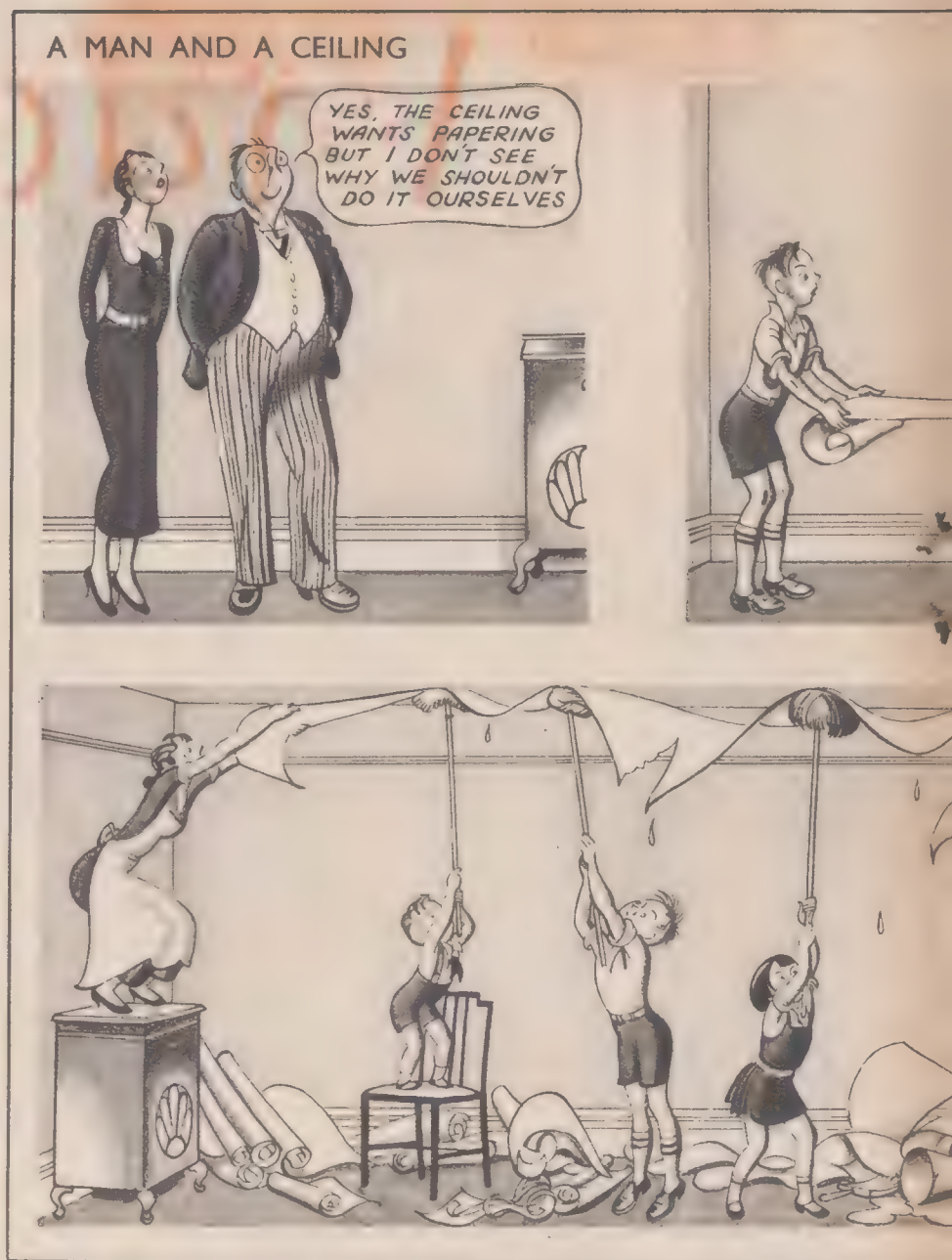
" Here you are, Mr. Window Cleaner—here's the window ! "

Boy Scout: " Allow me—my pump."

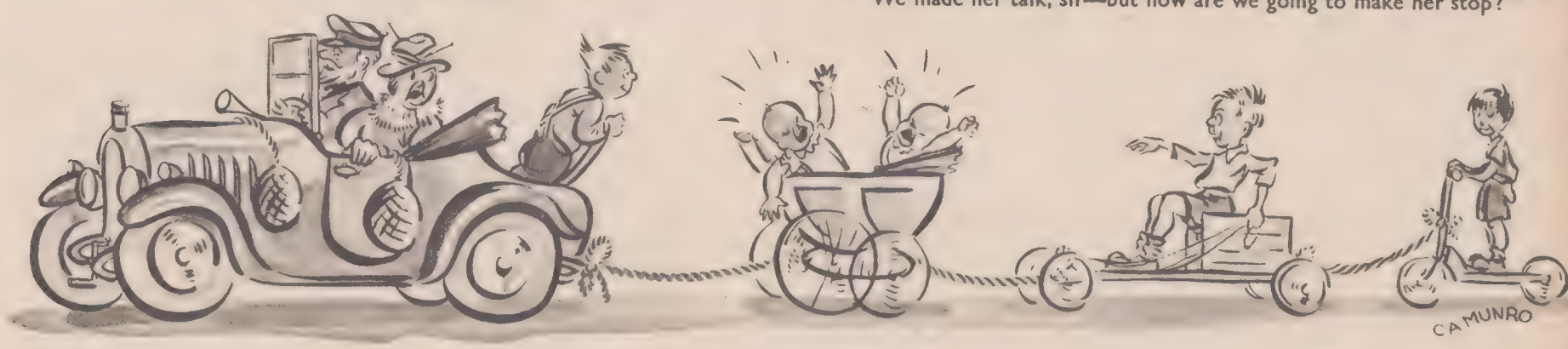
" The answer is twenty-four apples—and tell Freddy not to bother me again with his homework."

"It's that sign, 'All Kinds of Shoes Repaired'—we've got to change it."

"My model was a circus artist."



"We made her talk, sir—but how are we going to make her stop?"



The tug-boat captain takes his family for a run.

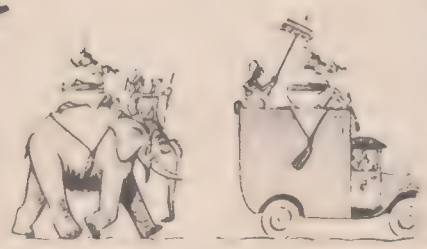
By A. C. BARRETT

"Yes, my wife's always gossiping with that woman in the next lighthouse."

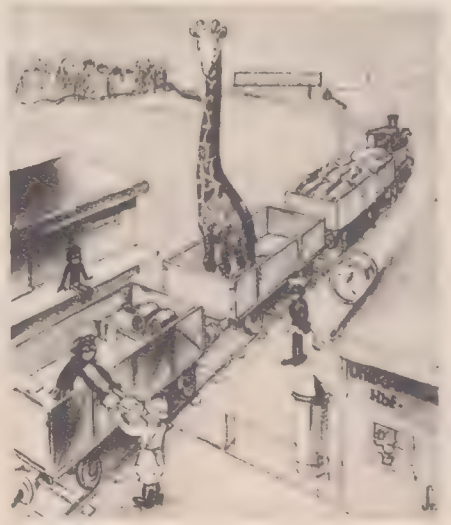
"He used to harpoon whales."

"I let 'im use it as a dark room."

LAUGH WITH THE WORLD



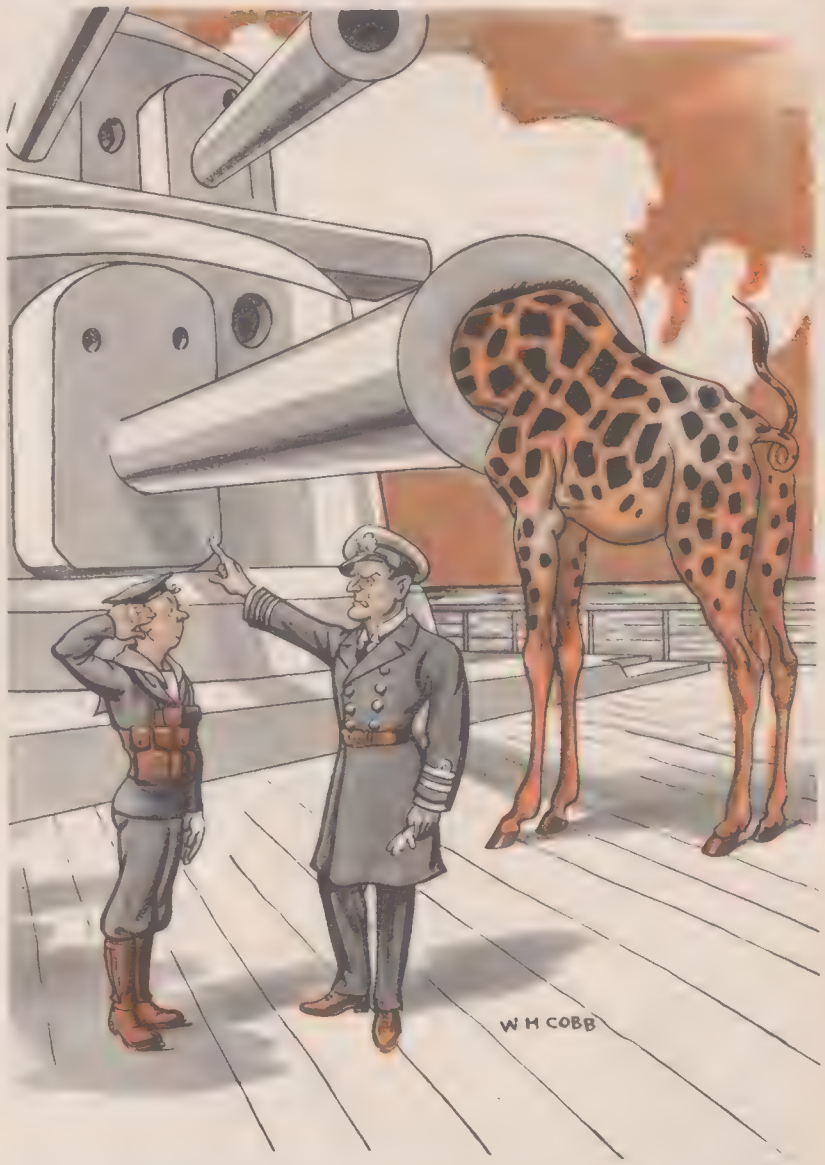
The Maharajah mechanises.
Sie und Er, Zofingen.



Explorer: "Now, Sambo, remember, when you come to a bridge offer the giraffe a banana."
Illustrierte Blatt, Frankfürt.

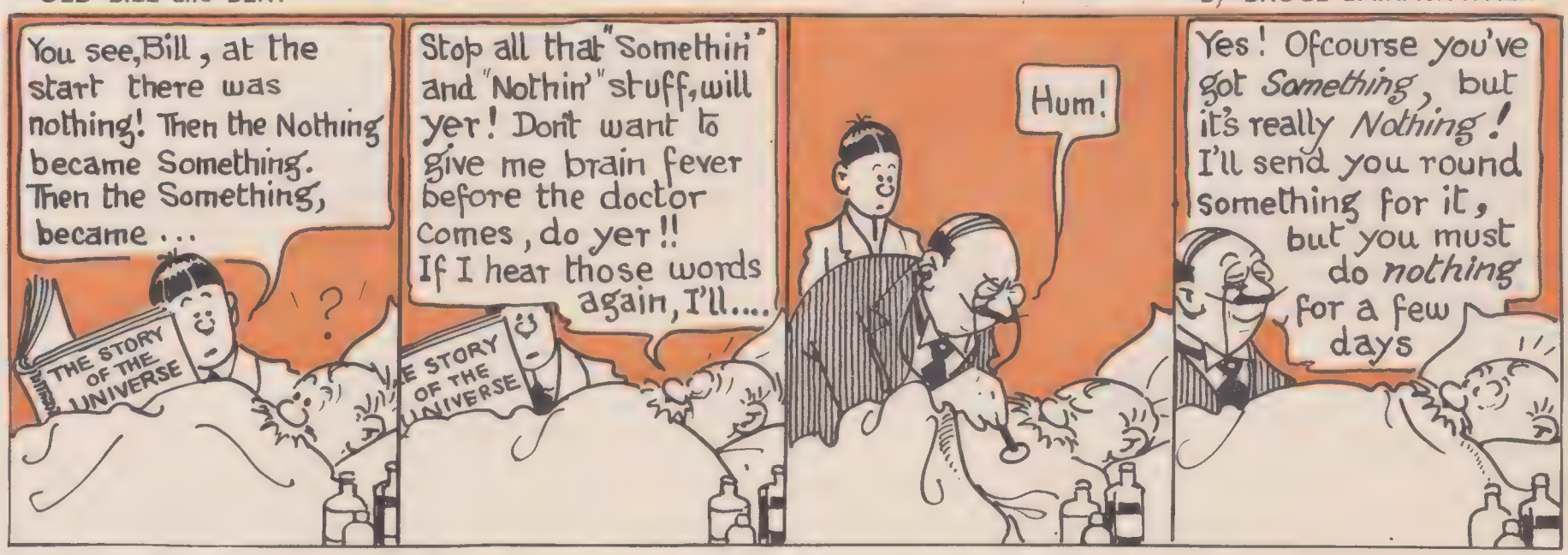
A little dash of something –
With something in the pot,
Makes last Sunday's mutton
Seem like wot it's not.

OLD BILL and BERT



"Tell the gunners to stop feeding the mascot!"

By BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER



Matriculation

and

University Degrees

THE Metropolitan College provides complete postal courses of study for the

B.A., B.Com., LL.B., B.Sc., B.Sc. (Econ.)

The Metropolitan College, St. Albans.

Degrees of the University of London.

MATRICULATION

SPECIAL UNIVERSITY ENTRANCE

Locals and School Certs., College of Preceptors (Prelim., Junior and Senior), Professional Prelim., etc., Examinations.

The College also renders valuable guidance and advice to those preparing for Higher Degrees.

The Courses for these examinations are directed by

Dr. S. EVELYN THOMAS, B.Com., Ph.D. (Lond.),
with the assistance of approximately 70 University Graduates, many Barristers-at-Law, Chartered Accountants and other specialist tutors.

The Degrees can be obtained externally without attendance at University Lectures.

METROPOLITAN COLLEGE COACHING IS UP TO DATE, EFFICIENT AND RELIABLE

The coaching given is essentially modern, and as a student of the Metropolitan College you gain the advantage of careful, painstaking and purely individual tuition.

The College methods of coaching represent the highest attainable standard of efficiency in educational work. They are, in every case, the result of the collaborated experience, extending over many years, of the Directors of Studies and the Tutorial Staff, and represent the acme of scientific coaching upon modern lines. That the methods employed are efficacious is amply evidenced by the brilliant examination successes achieved by students of the College.

AN INVITATION

The Director of University Studies will be pleased to advise intending students on any matters relating to the foregoing examinations, including choice of Degrees, selection of subjects and distribution of study time.

At the B.Com. (Lond.) Examinations alone, Metropolitan College students have gained **SCHOLARSHIPS** to the value of more than **£2,000**

Alternatively, a complimentary copy of the Prospectus "Specialised Training for University and other Examinations," which contains a full description of the College Courses and methods, and gives particulars of the Guarantee of Coaching until Successful, Textbook Lending Library, Instalment Plan, and other features, will be gladly forwarded on request.

FREE

to those with ambition

ARE you ambitious? Have you the average measure of ability? Are you prepared to concentrate that ability on the attainment of success in your career?

If so, this announcement brings to you a message full of the promise of achievement.

The Metropolitan College is ready to answer your questions, to help you realise your ambitions, to turn your ideas into actions, your doubts into decisions, your hopes into actualities.

Just a little application during the long dark evenings, and with the aid of a Metropolitan College Specialised Postal Training you can, like hundreds of others before you, move directly and swiftly forward to certain success.

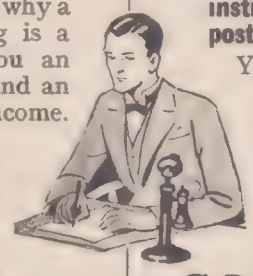
Proficiency means progress. That is why a Metropolitan College Postal Training is a sound investment; it means to you an improved position, better prospects and an augmented and ever-increasing income. It equips you not only to see opportunity, but to *grasp* it when it comes your way. Here before you is your *first* opportunity. Make your decision *now* and send at once for a FREE COPY of the **Metropolitan College "GUIDE TO CAREERS"**—a carefully compiled 132-page volume which shows you plainly how to secure that advancement and financial stability upon which your future happiness depends. Perhaps you are hesitant—standing at the first cross-roads of your life—uncertain which path to tread. The Metropolitan College will help you from the very outset. The "Guide to Careers" will point the way, the Specialised Training Courses will conduct you surely and rapidly along the Direct road to success.

CIVIL SERVICE
Forthcoming Exams and how best to prepare for them. Send Coupon for **FREE** 40pp Civil Service Guide

SPECIALISED POSTAL TRAINING, TAKEN AT HOME, IN SPARE TIME, for all Accountancy, Secretarial, Banking, Legal and Insurance Exams.; for Professional Preliminary Exams.; Matriculation, B.Com., B.A., and other London University Degrees; for Civil Service, Police, and Relieving Officers' Exams., etc. Also many intensely **PRACTICAL** (non-exam.) **COURSES** in Accountancy, Secretarial and Commercial subjects. Costing, Advertising, Salesmanship, Foreign Languages, English, Public Speaking, General Education, etc.

In the quiet of your own home, at your own convenience, you can pursue a carefully graduated and intensely interesting course of study, based upon your individual needs and conducted personally by the experienced Chartered Accountants, Barristers-at-Law, Chartered Secretaries, and other experts who comprise the College Tutorial Staff.

The Metropolitan College has to its credit the longest and most impressive list of examination successes recorded by any commercial training institution in the United Kingdom, whether postal or oral.



Your future prosperity waits NOW on your decision. Let the urge of your ambition have sway. The turning point of your career may be in the attached Coupon. Fill in that Coupon and post it to-day to the College. So will you place your foot on the first rung of the ladder of leadership

COUPON—*POST NOW*

Please send me—without charge or obligation— the College

132 pp. GUIDE TO CAREERS
40 pp. CIVIL SERVICE GUIDE
SPECIALISED TRAINING FOR UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS

Cross out Guides not required

NAME .....
(In Capitals)

ADDRESS.....

.....

Exam. (if any) in which interested.....

POST Coupon (½d. if unsealed) to Metropolitan College, Dept. G7/D18, St. Albans, or CALL at 40-42 Queen Victoria Street, LONDON, E.C.4, or 91 Spring Gardens, MANCHESTER, 2. *Passing Show, Sept. 5, 1936.*

METROPOLITAN COLLEGE

Dept. G7/D18, ST. ALBANS.

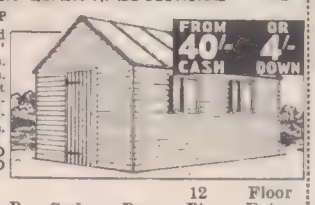
IT PAYS TO BUY THE BEST

HURLINGHAM

SUPER QUALITY, ALL SECTIONAL

L/SSL WORKSHOP

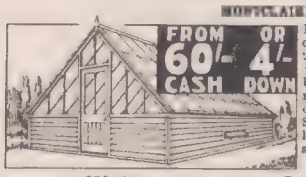
Heavy framing and "Lockfast" weather-boards. Double corner posts. Boarded and felt roof. Glazed windows to open. TITAN Steel Bracings.



CARRIAGE PAID IN ENGLAND AND WALES.

L	W	E	R	Cash	Dep.	12 Pts.	Floor Extra
6	4	5	6	40 -	4 -	3/6	8/6
7	5	5	6½	55/-	4/6	4/9	10/6
8	6	5	6½	65/-	4/9	5/10	13 6
10	7	5	6½	80 -	5 -	7/4	22/6
12	8	6	8	125/-	6/-	11/7	30/-
14	8	6	8	145/-	7/-	13/4	35/-
16	8	6	8	165/-	8/-	15/3	40/-

MONTCLAIR FOWLING HOUSE



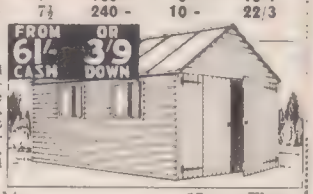
Easily erected. Six complete sections. 2-in. frame. "Lockfast" weather-boards. Rebated rails. Half glass door. Two vents. Staging. Glass in large sheets. Putty and paint for one coat.

250-MILE FREE LORRY DELIVERY

L	W	E	R	Cash	Dep.	12 Pts.
7	5	2½	5½	60/-	4/-	5/5
9	6	2½	6½	82/6	5/-	7/6
10	7	2½	6½	102/6	6/-	9/4
12	7	2½	6½	130/-	7/-	11/11
15	9	2½	7	165/-	9/-	15/1
20	10	2½	7½	240 -	10 -	22/3

L/WGL MOTOR HOUSE

Heavy framing and "Lockfast" weather-boards. Double corner posts. Boarded and felt roof. Glazed windows to open. TITAN Steel Bracings.



L	W	Height E	R	Cash	Dep.	12 Pts.	Floor Extra
8	6	6	7½	61/-	3/9	5/6	13/6
11	7	6	8	99/6	4/9	9/2	27/6
12	8	6	8	109/6	5/-	10/-	30/-
14	8	6	8	129/6	5/6	11/11	35/-
16	8	6	8	149/6	6/-	13/4	40/-

WRITE FOR OUR LATEST ART-COLOUR CATALOGUE

"P.B." (Bungalows), "P.S.B." (Sheds, G'houses etc.)

HURLINGHAM BUNGALOW Co LTD

DEPT. PS., Peterboro' Rd., Fulham, S.W.6.

RECIPE FOR RAPTURE

Shake half a glass of Lillet, half of Dry Gin, a few drops of Creme de Noyeau and a splash of orange juice—and you have perfection! Lillet *makes* the cocktail! A delicious aperitif too! No host and household is up to date without Lillet—the drink of the moderns. 5/6 a bottle from your wine merchant. Twiss & Brownings & Hallowes, Ltd., 16, Water Lane, London, E.C.3.

FREE! Folder of Cocktail Recipes.

LILLET

PUTS THE 'O K' IN COCKTAIL

Keymer

READ THIS FIRST

Valerie Beauchamp, best-seller novelist, is murdered four days after her discovery that she has been hoaxed by fellow members of a literary society, the Esoterics, into believing that one of her readers has fallen in love with her. Even though she was demented on hearing that the Esoterics had been reading her passionate love letters, her will shows that she has left £200 a year to each of them. If any of them dies, his income is to be shared by the others. Then there starts a reign of terror. Of the six members of the Esoterics, Adelaide Tring is poisoned, Frederick Reeves is shot and Councillor Joshua Stanton is stabbed, while the others, Naomi Garnett, Cyril Sidebotham, and Edward Calcott, the bogus lover, are being keenly watched by Scotland Yard. Eventually Edward Calcott is arrested and brought to trial accused of committing the murders. After hearing all the evidence, the jury disagrees about the verdict and the judge orders a re-trial.

CLUE *to the* Unknown

GEORGE MARTIN sat a little heavily to his desk. The in-tray was stacked with neat piles of letters—not quite so many, however, as there had been before and during the trial, though his correspondence was still far from normal. He looked at the tray distastefully. Life was far from being a bed of roses. His superiors had passed from biting censure to an indulgent sympathy, which was even harder to bear.

Was he, in fact, incompetent? The question had begun to crop up rather insistently. There was a dull pain behind his eyes and he had been sleeping badly. It was all very well for Elizabeth to say that he had done his best. Of course he had done his best, but it seemed that his best wasn't good enough.

Certainly he had worked hard enough, he and Crosby with him. They had collected every scrap and tittle of evidence available, but with the result that after weeks of patient labour and conference the case for the Crown had broken down. The jury had disagreed. The work was all to do again.

Suppose Edward Calcott were the victim of a conspiracy or of the workings of a single mind, a mind filled with such hatred and villainy as caused Martin to recoil at the very thought of it. What if that same mind, which had compassed the death of three members of that unhappy group, had reserved for Edward Calcott the long-drawn-out agony of trial by jury and the final horror of the execution shed? That thing was possible, and, if so, what in effect was the duty which the Chief Inspector had laid upon his officer in charge of the case? Was he to assist in hanging an innocent man?"

"Morning, George."

A hand fell on Martin's shoulder and Crosby's voice was in his ear.

Martin swung round and looked with hollow eyes at his colleague. The hand on his shoulder tightened. Jim Crosby was staring at him with an odd expression in his brown eyes and the ugly face broke into a smile.

"My dear old chap," he protested, "don't take on so, as they say in the circles from which I sprang. I know what is bothering you, but it's not for you to worry about whether Calcott is innocent or guilty. That will be for another jury to decide. What we have to do is to collect the evidence and not to hearken to it. So light a pipe and get on with the correspondence."

"The usual trash, I expect," answered Martin, stretching out a hand towards the tray.

"I'll give you a hand," said Crosby.

Crosby took a bundle of letters and, crossing the room, sat down at his desk. For some little time there was no sound but the tearing of envelopes.

"That's my little lot," Crosby said at last. "Two from Manchester, one from Northampton, one from a place called Slindon—wherever that may be."

"Sussex," interpolated Martin.

"One from Shepton Mallet and five from the London area," concluded Crosby.

Martin was looking at his own pile. One of his correspondents claimed to have seen a man resembling Edward Calcott standing in the shade of the oaks where Frederick Reeves had been shot. Another had seen him bending over the body of Councillor Stanton.

"Here's a letter I overlooked," said Crosby suddenly and, at the sound of his voice, which had in it a note of interest, Martin looked across at him hopefully.

Crosby handed him over a sheet of paper.

"That's a little out of the usual, George," he said.

Martin gazed at the letter. It was composed of words cut from a newspaper and roughly gummed to a sheet of the cheapest and most common quality. He read:

> "If you are in need of further evidence I suggest you make inquiries in Marseilles. Calcott passed part of his summer holiday there before and after the death of Valerie Beauchamp. The owner of the chemist shop in the Rue du Levant may be able to tell you something and there is a waiter who answers to the name of Pierre at the Cafe du Vieux Port."

The French names and addresses and the word Marseilles were printed by hand in black ink.

Martin looked long at the letter and then at Crosby.

"There may be something in this," he said.

He picked up the letter and the envelope, which bore a Bermondsey postmark, and laid them between two sheets of blotting-paper.

"Wilks had better have a look at these," he said. "The writer seems to know more than he should about this case."

"Go ahead," said Crosby, "but tell Wilks to be careful of the top right-hand corner. That is *my* thumb-mark—if you want to know."

Martin left the room and a moment later stood with Wilks in the finger-print laboratory. Martin watched him in silence as he went to work.

"Bee-ootifully clear, sir. Quite bee-oo-tiful."

For once Wilks was enthusiastic and with reason. The prints of a thumb and forefinger were distinct upon the sheet.

"Would you like them photographed, sir?"

"Please," said Martin.

Sergeant Wilks got busy and, when he had finished, laid the paper down beside the photographic apparatus.

"You will have to wait, sir, until the prints are dry. But we can compare them at once with those we have in hand."

Sergeant Wilks went to a drawer in his desk. He brought back a file and turned over the leaves. Suddenly, he gave an exclamation. Martin moved quickly towards him.

"What is it, Wilks?"

Wilks took a sheet from the file and laid it on the table beside the print, not yet dry, which he had made only a few minutes before.

"Absolutely identical, sir. The prints on the letter correspond with these from the file."

Martin felt his heart beating violently.

"Yes, Wilks? And the prints from the file?"

Wilks smiled into the eager face of the Inspector.

"Well, sir," he continued, "I have heard you say more than once that, if you could find the owner of these prints, we should find the person who murdered Valerie Beauchamp."

Inspector Martin stared speechlessly at his colleague.

"You don't mean——"

Wilks noded decisively.

"Yes, sir. The prints on the letter are the same as the prints left on the rake found at 'Avilion' and on the tooth-glass found in the room where Miss Beauchamp met her death."

"I quite understand," said Naomi Garnett steadily. "Of course I will observe the regulations."

The warder at the main gate of Brixton Prison nodded.

"Will you kindly step this way, madam? Warder Sincock will take charge of you."

Naomi followed the warder down a stone-flagged passage. In a moment or two she would see Edward.

The warder had stopped after entering a room that was bare and bleak. Down the centre ran a long, wooden table, and at each end of the table was a wooden chair.

"You will sit here, madam, please," said the warder. "The prisoner will sit at the other end of the table."

"Thank you, officer," answered Naomi.

The door of the other end of the room opened abruptly and a second later Edward passed through with a warder in uniform behind him.

Edward was wearing the same suit as he had worn during the trial, and for a moment Naomi could not see his face, which was in shadow. He stepped for-

"The Legacy Murders"

by Francis Beeding

"I am asking you to marry me, Miss Garnett."
Naomi gripped the edge of the prison table.

ward quickly, however, and she saw it as he reached the table. It was less pale, she noted, than when she had last seen him at the Old Bailey, but there was a line or two about the mouth which had not been there before.

He came forward with a hand outstretched, but the warder touched him lightly on the shoulder. Edward started nervously and turned his head sharply.

"Sorry," he muttered, and drew back so that the full length of the table was between them. "I was forgetting, Naomi, that we may not shake hands. Silly habit in any case."

The warder disappeared.

Naomi sat down. She found it difficult to speak.

Edward, staring at her anxiously, broke into a smile.

"Well," he said, "if this sort of thing goes on much longer, I shall begin to understand the poor devils who are driven to confess to crimes they never committed."

He broke off.

"Nonsense, Edward. You'll face it as you did before. I was proud of you, my dear. It's made all the difference to me. I shall be in it, too, up to the neck."

She could not see him very clearly at the end of the table. He had risen and made to walk towards her. But he must not go farther or the warder would enter and interfere.

"Naomi," his voice was low and the eyes behind the spectacles were bright.

"Naomi, do you know what I am going to do if I ever get out of this?"

"Emigrate, I suppose. Change your name. Go to the Colonies."

"It is you who are going to change your name, Naomi, if you will, and then I don't care what happens—even the Colonies."

"Edward, what are you talking about?"

"I am asking you to marry me, Miss Garnett—that is if the affection with which you have inspired me is reciprocated."

He laughed suddenly and Naomi, who was trembling violently, gripped the smooth edge of the table.

"Edward," she said, "I will marry you the day you are free."

She raised her head and forced herself to look at him. The tears were blinding her now.

She drew back as the warder tapped upon the door.

"I think, Sir Geoffrey, it would be helpful if Inspector Martin would first explain to us the exact bearing on the case of this new evidence."

It was Mr. John Carstairs, the Home Secretary, speaking.

Martin looked inquiringly at the men sitting at the long table in the Chief Commissioner's office. Sir Geoffrey Robinson, the Chief Commissioner himself, with his kindly air and the red nose that so sadly belied him—he never drank anything stronger than ginger ale—was at one end.

Next to him, in a short black coat and striped trousers, was the Home Secretary, whose grey hair receded from a high forehead and who wore upon his nose the old-fashioned pince-nez which were the special delight of caricaturists. Beside him was Crutwell, the Assistant Commissioner, and beyond him sat Martin's principal tyrant, Chief Inspector McPherson, who, with permission, was stuffing a pipe.

The room was full of summer sunshine. Through the open windows came the steady hum of traffic, and Martin, as he began to speak, saw a great barge, laden to the brim, moving slowly up with the tide towards the Houses of Parliament.

"I take it, sir, that you don't want me to go through the evidence that was produced at the trial?"

The Home Secretary made a gesture of dissent.

"Heaven forbid, Inspector. Just give us the latest developments. You have intimated that they are encouraging. I am glad to hear it, for the situation is extremely grave. The Press—well I needn't go into that. Even those organs which support the Government are suggesting that public confidence in the police has been seriously undermined, and we must anticipate further criticism when the case comes up again in October. Something must be done before that situation arises. Either the case against Edward Calcott must be proved or, if he be innocent, the real criminal must be discovered."

Martin waited patiently. It was like the Home Secretary to ask for a statement and then to make one himself. Perhaps something of what he was thinking was apparent on his face for the Home Secretary turned to him with a smile.

"Sorry, Inspector, but you will understand that this is a very serious business. I want you to tell us how the position stands. You say that important new evidence has come to light. First of all, I think we should like to know whether or not it strengthens the case against Calcott."

"On the contrary, sir. I myself am now entirely convinced of Calcott's innocence."

There was a swift movement round the table and Martin caught Chief Inspector McPherson's eye. There seemed to be a warning in it—a warning not to be quite so dramatic.

"I base my views, sir," Martin went on, shifting his eye from his chief to the Home Secretary, "on the following considerations. You have all had copies of the anonymous letter, which is Exhibit 42 in the file of the case, and you will have seen from my report that the finger-prints found on that letter have been identified as those found on the rake in the garden of 'Avilion,' the residence of Valerie Beauchamp, and on the tooth-glass and plate found in her bedroom."

"There can be no doubt of their identity?" put in the Home Secretary.

"None whatever, sir. The person who handled the rake, the tooth-glass and the plate is the person who handled the sheet on which the anonymous letter was written. That is the first point to bear in mind. The second point is equally startling. Miss Naomi Garnett, a witness for the prosecution, called upon me yesterday. You will recall that she stated in her evidence that she sent to Calcott a letter asking him to meet her on Highwood common on the evening of Joshua Stanton's death. It was proved in court that the letter was in fact typed on her machine. But Miss Garnett now affirms that she did not send the letter and had no knowledge of it. That, if you remember, was what she told the police prior to her evidence in court."

The Home Secretary sat back in his chair.

"Then Miss Garnett's evidence was false? She committed perjury. That is a serious matter."

"Miss Garnett knows exactly how serious it is, but, in spite of that, sir, she has come forward and made an unsolicited statement to the police. She has done so because she believes that this new evidence may lead to the arrest of the murderer."

"How, exactly?"

"Her presumption is that the letter was typed by the person who killed Joshua Stanton and who desired to bring suspicion upon Calcott."

"Isn't that rather fanciful?"

"There could be only one motive, sir, for the letter, namely to entice Calcott to the scene of the crime, and the only person who could possibly have such a motive would be the murderer himself. Besides"—here Martin leaned forward to give greater emphasis to his words—"our suggestion that the letter to Calcott was typed by the murderer fits in remarkably well with the anonymous communication sent to me here at Scotland Yard. The purpose of the two letters is identical—to fix suspicion upon Calcott. The case against him broke down at the trial. What would be the natural reaction of the person

(*continued on next page*)

He'll beat them all —on Condition— You give him:—

BENBOW'S DOG MIXTURE

THE ORIGINAL CONDITIONER

As long ago as 1872 the late Lord Lurgan wrote as follows: "I have used Benbow's Mixture for some years and am quite satisfied that it improves the health and condition of the dogs. (signed) Lurgan."

Do what other dog owners have been doing for over a hundred years. Just a dose once or twice a week is all your dogs require to keep them in condition. No Dog Owner should be without "BENBOW"

From **1/6** *Per Bottle*

Of Chemists and Corn Merchants everywhere

WRITE FOR FULL PARTICULARS

BENBOW'S DOG MIXTURE CO. LTD.
Dept. P.S., 2 Bartholomew Close, London, E.C.1.

BE A SUCCESSFUL ARTIST

EARN MONEY WITH PEN OR PENCIL IN SPARE TIME

Copy this sketch for free criticism

IT is more natural for a man to draw than to read or write. But nowadays most men read and write—yet *they fear to draw.* Long before man had invented an alphabet he drew pictures with the burnt end of a stick snatched up from his blazing cave fire. Drawing is a *natural* way of expressing what one sees or conceives. Whether by eye-vision or mind-vision man instinctively "pictures" the thing to himself." Learning to draw by the JOHN HASSALL WAY is a fascinating pursuit which always brings pleasure and often profit.

By the JOHN HASSALL WAY your natural ability may be utilized for your own great profit in your spare time and in your own home.

A handsome BROCHURE, containing many illustrations of the work of John Hassall, R.I., and his pupils, will be sent free. This book gives graphic details of the John Hassall Postal Course; what it is, what it has done, and what it can do for you.

COUPON—POST NOW

Please send me, without charge or obligation, a copy of the Illustrated Brochure, "The John Hassall Way," and (if sketch enclosed) free criticism of sketch herewith.
H1/7.

NAME.....
(In Capitals)

ADDRESS.....

Passing Show, ...
Sept. 5, 1936. Age (if under 21).....

THE JOHN HASSALL CORRESPONDENCE ART SCHOOL

Dept. H1/7, ST. ALBANS

INEVITABLE NEWS

In the "Passing Show," May 2, 1936, issue, I accepted the oft-published challenge of the heavyweight P. C. teacher on all points as to the claimed superiority of his method over all others. I also offered to meet him in public contest, conceding him about 15 years in age and over 4 stones in weight. HE IGNORES MY ACCEPTANCE FOR OBVIOUS REASONS, but continues to publish his challenge. *Verb. sap.* A. M. SALDO.

A. M. Saldo, demonstrating the full, supple and symmetrical physique, gained and retained by

MAXALDING

GAINED 2 INS. HEIGHT IN 2 MONTHS

A Youth, aged 16½ wrote on Aug. 5th, 1936:—"I write to you, pleased with my second month's work on your Strength Course. My height has increased from 5ft. 4ins. to 5ft. 6ins.——."

LOST 12 lb. FAT IN 4 WEEKS

A Gentleman (Mental Worker), aged 25, wrote on July 25th, 1936 :—"—you requested a report after 4 weeks, and here it is—My weight is down by 12 lb. and my waist by 2 inches."

INVESTIGATE MAXALDING

By Postcard, Letter or Coupon. When Coupon is used, kindly delete the unnecessary items and post it, together with the following particulars, to Mr. Saldo: Name, Address, Age and Occupation.

MR. A. M. SALDO, (Dept. 29)
14, CURSITOR ST., LONDON, E.C.4.

Send me, free of postage or liability, your 20,000-words illustrated explanatory treatise :—

NATURE'S WAY TO HEALTH.

1. I suffer from and desire to be cured of Constipation, Indigestion, Nervous Debility, Weak Lungs, Fatigue, Lack of Development, Rheumatism, Obesity, Susceptibility to Colds, or .....
2. I desire to secure Great Speed and Endurance.
3. I desire to secure Strength and Development.

Be in the Swim...

When you go bathing, follow the example set by thousands of experienced swimmers. Wear fibrous 'Plasticine' Ear Plugs and enjoy your swim free from all fear of Earache, Deafness, and other ailments. They are comfortable, invisible in wear, and completely protect the delicate membranes of the ears. Essential for all swimmers.

HARBUTT'S
Plasticine
FIBROUS EAR PLUGS

Obtainable in special boxes, 8d. and 1/3, post free, from Harbutt's Plasticine Ltd., 53, Bathampton, Bath.

Continuing The Legacy Murders

who had tried to implicate him? That person would seek to provide further evidence, and he now suggests where we should look for it.

"I have no doubt that, when we have completed our inquiries at Marseilles, we shall find that arsenic and a pistol were in fact purchased in that city and purchased, as the knife from Islington was purchased, by a man wearing horn-rimmed spectacles. Sir Henry Grey's defence, in fact, was entirely sound. Calcott is the victim of a carefully-planned conspiracy.

"The person behind it is the unknown individual who, following the murder of Valerie Beauchamp at 'Avilion,' poisoned Adelaide Tring and planted the bag of arsenic upon Edward Calcott; who shot Frederick Reeves and planted the pistol upon Calcott; who stabbed Joshua Stanton and purchased the knife from Busby, contriving to look as much like Calcott as possible; who typed the letter to Calcott in order to bring him to the scene of the crime and who, when the case against Edward Calcott had broken down, took steps to put us in the way of getting further evidence against him."

Martin, a little breathless, looked round the table.

"That, gentlemen," he said, "is my reading of the new evidence and on that evidence we are now required to act."

There was a short silence.

"It seems to me," said the Home Secretary at last, "that the first point we have to decide is whether we continue to regard Calcott as guilty of the crimes of which he stands accused."

The Chief Commissioner looked at the Minister reprovingly.

"I was under the impression, Mr. Carstairs," he said with a twinkle, "that according to English law every man was innocent until the contrary was proved."

"Quite so," said Mr. John Carstairs. "Quite so."

"The finger-prints on the anonymous letter and on the rake are, to my mind, conclusive," went on Sir Geoffrey Robinson. "Calcott is quite definitely acquitted. There is no real case for the Crown."

"If that is your opinion, and I am inclined to agree with it," said the Home Secretary, "there seems to be only one thing to do. I must sign an order for Calcott's release."

Martin felt his heart begin to beat quicker. He had expected the Home Secretary to take that line. His moment had come. But he must be calm and judicious.

"Have you considered, sir," he said quickly, "that, if we release Calcott, we shall be putting the murderer on his guard? He will realise that his plot has failed. He has, as he believes, by means of his anonymous letter, supplied us with what he regards as a missing link in the evidence sufficient to convict Calcott. I want him to continue in that belief and to imagine that we are following up his suggestions.

"As, of course, we are doing," interpolated Sir Geoffrey. "The necessary inquiries are being made in Marseilles and we have sent over one of our men with Calcott's photograph. But that is by the way."

The Home Secretary looked doubtfully at Martin.

"Your observations imply, Inspector, that you do not wish us to release Calcott."

The decisive moment had come.

"My suggestion is, sir, that Calcott should escape."

There was complete silence round the table. Martin looked in frank appeal at the faces of the men opposite him. There was a puzzled frown on that of Crutwell; the Home Secretary had pursed his lips; Chief Inspector McPherson had a hand in front of his mouth and Martin had an uneasy feeling that he was amused. But Sir Geoffrey Robinson nodded.

"That's a bright idea, Inspector," he said. "Too bright for some of us, perhaps. Would you, perhaps, develop it a little?"

"Well, sir, this is what I thought," Martin responded eagerly. "Calcott escapes from Brixton. The escape must, of course, be a plausible one, and we must take good care that the newspapers splash it over the country."

"We can depend on them for that," interpolated the Home Secretary. "There would be such a howl as was never heard in all your life. Go on, Inspector."

"Calcott will have escaped from prison in circumstances which will make the resumption of his guilt almost a certainty. How will the murderer react? Well, I've been studying his habit of mind."

"Indeed," said the Home Secretary, not without a suggestion of irony.

"He is a person who has unbounded faith in himself. Not only does he lay his plans with ingenuity and forethought, but he takes swift advantage of his opportunities. Look how he killed poor Stanton. The crime was planned with minute pre-vision and arrangements made well in advance to fasten it upon Calcott.

"Note, however, how in striking the blow, the murderer took sudden advantage of Stanton's altercation with the costermonger. He has an intricate mind and a gift of bold, instinctive action. There is one other point. He is the sort of person who cannot let well alone. He must be always improving on himself. That explains the anonymous letter. It was to be the crowning touch. It was to complete the case against Calcott and bring him to the gallows.

"That is how we catch these sanguine criminals. Sooner or later they overreach themselves, and this one will, I am sure, act true to type if we encourage him to do so. He will read that Calcott has escaped and we shall do what we can—I will study the details later—to convey the impression that the prisoner has taken refuge somewhere in Highwood, and is likely to get into touch with his mother or with Miss Garnett. I feel convinced that, if we manage the affair properly, the murderer will seize his opportunity and strike again."

"You mean that he will strike at Miss Garnett?" said Sir Geoffrey, "if he has reason to believe that Calcott is in the neighbourhood?"

"I am convinced he will make an attempt to establish communication with her. He will want to know, for one thing, whether she is, in fact, in touch with Calcott, and, if he can somehow get them together, he will stage another crime to be laid to Calcott's account. We shall, of course, keep Miss Garnett under observation night and day. I guarantee that, if the murderer stirs a finger in her direction, we shall get him red-handed."

Martin sat back and locked his fingers over his knees to stop them trembling, a way they had when he was excited. The silence which fell was broken by the Home Secretary.

"Well," he said, looking round the table, "it is a most extraordinary plan. It is so unusual that I hesitate to express an opinion. Are any of you ready to do so?"

He looked from Sir Geoffrey, who remained silent, to the Assistant Commissioner who was frowning at the blotting-pad in front of him.

"Very theatrical," said Crutwell, "and certainly dangerous."

"Dangerous, you mean, sir, to Miss Garnett?" said Martin. "There would, of course, be a risk, but it would not be serious. We can give her adequate protection—have her food controlled and all that sort of thing."

"I was not thinking of Miss Garnett," retorted the Assistant Commissioner. "I was thinking of Scotland Yard. What will be the position if your plan shoud miscarry, Inspector? Suppose the murderer fails to react? What are we to do? Re-arrest Calcott? But we know that he is not guilty and we should have to let him go again. We should be a laughing stock."

The Chief Commissioner stirred in his chair.

"We shall have to release Calcott eventually, in any case," he pointed out. "As the Secretary of State has already reminded us, we cannot keep an innocent man under lock and key, and the new evidence will sooner or later have to be made public."

Mr. John Carstairs looked with a troubled brow at the Chief Commissioner. "What, then, is your view, Sir Geoffrey?"

The Chief Commissioner raised his head.

"This is certainly a queer plan, sir," he said, "but I am inclined to think it's worth powder and shot. What do you think about it, McPherson?"

Martin dared not look in the direction of his immediate chief. His heart was pounding against his ribs.

"I agree with the Chief Commissioner, sir," said Chief Inspector McPherson, looking at the Home Secretary. "It is a fantastic idea, but I am not at all sure that it isn't the best we can do."

Martin felt that his sigh of relief must be audible throughout the Yard.

"You realise, of course," put in the Home Secretary, "that there will be the devil of a stink in the Press."

Sir Geoffrey Robinson leaned forward.

"That will be our funeral, sir," he answered. "The Yard will smell to heaven, but the Press has been pretty bad about us already. It can't be measurably worse."

The Home Secretary sat back and looked round the table.

"Very well," he said. "I approve in principle. Have the detailed plans prepared. If, after examining them, you still think, Sir Geoffrey, that the scheme is reasonably practical, you shall have my consent. Good morning, gentlemen."

He bowed formally to the men at the table and moved with decision to the door.

Mr. Adrian Willows, News Editor of the *Daily Wire*, stood for a moment, waiting to cross the end of St. Martin's Lane. He should by this time have been in Fleet Street, but Piggott was quite competent and really he needed fresh air. Not that the air was fresh in Trafalgar Square. It was a hot, airless evening, hung with heavy clouds.

He waited for the traffic lights to change, gazing at the electric news ribbons running across the big building opposite.

"Cafarelli rejects League's new proposals," it spelled out nimbly in letters of fire.

Adrian Willows jerked his head impatiently.

Readers of the *Daily Wire* were not interested in Cafarelli, and the only League they ever wanted to read of was the League that kicked a football about.

But Cafarelli would have to go into the news, and with headlines. On the front page, too, unless something really important happened.

Real news had been scarce of late. Even the Highwood cases had worn a little thin. Perhaps he had flogged that horse too hard—though it was by no means dead, as would appear in due course when the second trial came on in October. Meanwhile a few paragraphs now and again would suffice to keep the pot simmering and ready to boil over again when required.

It was a real pity about young Peter Doubleday. Doubleday had taken a very lively interest in all that business and now he was lying full fathom five somewhere in the English Channel—a bright lad with ideas and a tendency to take a line of his own. That business of Mr. Teesdale, for example. Nothing in it, of course, but an interesting side-issue as Doubleday would have presented it. But Doubleday was dead and nobody else had believed sufficiently in Mr. Teesdale to take the matter up.

That was what came of sending panic telegrams. Peter Doubleday would still be alive and well if his young wife had not imagined that the baby was going to die. German measles and a mild attack at that. And Doubleday, like a fool, had rushed off in a rickety aeroplane without further inquiry.

Adrian Willows watched the lights change first to orange and then to green. He began to cross the road and to walk past Charing Cross Station.

It seemed hotter than ever in the Strand. He stopped again on the edge of the curb by Villiers Street. A lorry was coming up from the Embankment and the driver had obviously never heard of safety first. Much good it was for an energetic Minister of Transport to address ten million listeners from Broadcasting House, exhorting them to prudence and some consideration for life and limb, with men like that upon the road. That thing must weigh at least four tons, and it was doing at least thirty as it turned recklessly into the Strand. The fellow must be drunk. There would be an accident.

NEXT WEEK:
The Right Trail

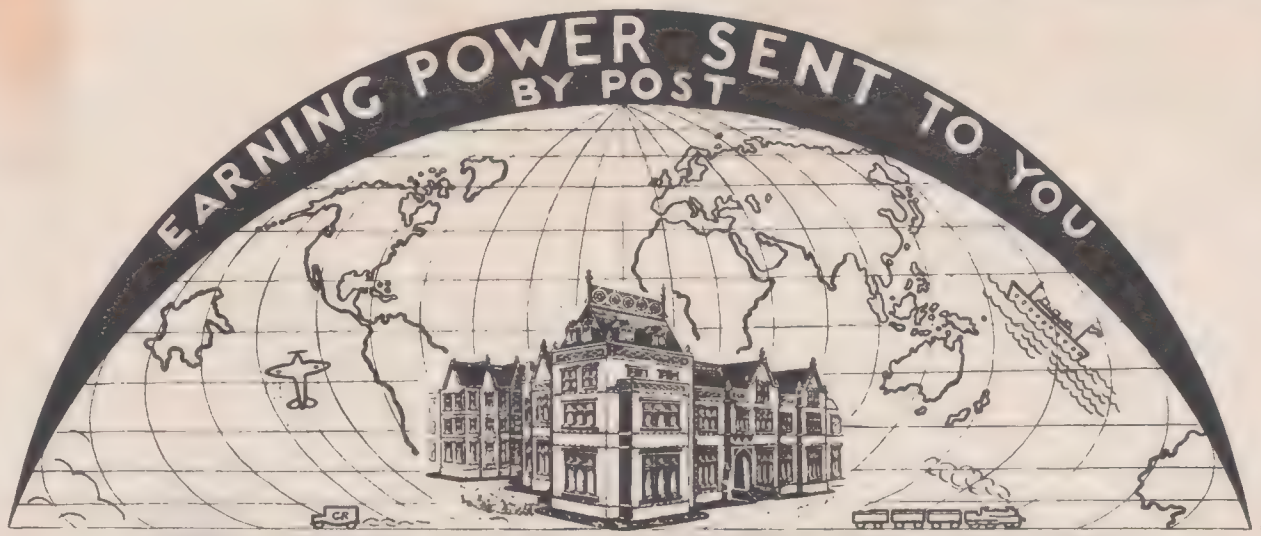
IF SO, YOU MAY BE THE ARTIST THAT COMMERCE IS WAITING FOR

Just try it for yourself. Trace or draw the outline and then put in the features.

There are hundreds of openings in connection with Humorous Papers, Advertisement Drawing, Posters, Calendars, Catalogues, Textile Designs, Book Illustrations, etc.

60 per cent. of Commercial Art Work is done by "Free Lance Artists," who do their work at home and sell it to the highest bidders. Many Commercial Artists draw "retaining fees" from various sources, others prefer to work full-time employment or partnership arrangement. We teach you not only how to draw **what is wanted,** but how to make buyers **want what you draw.** Many of our students who originally took up Commercial Art as a hobby have since turned it into a full-time paying profession with studio and staff of assistant artists; there is no limit to the possibilities. Let us send full particulars for a **FREE TRIAL** and details of our course for your inspection. You will be under no obligation whatever.

Jim Duck **ART DEPT. 3**



OPEN LETTER TO MR. SOMEBODY AND HIS SON

Dear Sir,—The natural desire of most parents is to give their children a fair chance in life in the form of a good College Training, also there are many young men who would like to **go to College** but for some reason are not able to do so. Let us tell you here and now, you can get a Complete College Training without having to **go** anywhere, and at a reasonable monthly fee for tuition. For well over 30 years we have been training students for all the key positions, by post, in all parts of the world. Distance is nothing when you are studying by your own fireside.

The nature of our business makes us keep in touch with employment requirements, therefore, we specialise in preparing students for the good positions which we know exist, and for all the worth-while examinations.

Write to us for free particulars of any subject which interests you, or if your career is not decided, write and tell us of your likes and dislikes, and we will give you practical advice as to the possibilities of a vocation and how to succeed in it.

You will be under no obligation whatever, it is our pleasure to help.

J. H. Bennett

DO ANY OF THESE SUBJECTS INTEREST YOU?

Accountancy Examinations
Advertising and Sales Management
A.M.I. Fire E. Exam.
Applied Mechanics
Army Certificates
Auctioneers and Estate Agents
Aviation Engineering
Banking
Boilers
Book-keeping, Accountancy and Modern Business Methods
B.Sc. (Eng.)
B.Sc. (Estate Management)
Building, Architecture and Clerk of Works
Cambridge Senior School Certificate
Civil Engineering
Civil Service
All Commercial Subjects
Commercial Art
Concrete and Structural Engineering
Draughtsmanship, all branches
Engineering, all branches, subjects, and exams.
General Education
G.P.O. Eng. Dept.
Heating and Ventilating
Industrial Chemistry
Insurance
Mathematics
Matriculation
Metallurgy
Mining, all subjects
Mining, Electrical Engineering
Motor Engineering
Motor Trade
Municipal and County Engineers
Naval Architecture
Pattern Making
Police, Special Course
Preceptors, College of
Pumps and Pumping Machinery
Radio Service Engineering
Road Making and Maintenance
Salesmanship (I.S.M.A.)
Sanitation
Secretarial Exams.
Shipbuilding
Shorthand (Pitman's)
Structural Engineering
Surveying
Teachers of Handicrafts
Telephony and Telegraphy
Transport Inst. Exams.
Weights and Measures Inspector
Welding
Wireless Telegraphy and Telephony
Works Managers

If you do not see your own requirements above, write to us on any subject.

Also ask for our New Book (Free of Charge)

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Secrets of Success

NOW IS YOUR CHANCE TO GET INTO A SKILLED KEY POSITION

(Dept. 3) THE BENNETT COLLEGE LTD., SHEFFIELD.

TO STUDENTS LIVING ABROAD

or on the high seas, a good supply of lessons is given, so that they may be done in their order, and despatched to us for examination and correction. They are then sent back with more work, and in this way a *continuous stream of work* is always in transit from the Student to us and from us to the Student, therefore distance makes no difference.

ALSO IN 1/- AND 3D. PACKS

Too big a gap

'TWIXT BREAKFAST AND LUNCH

EAT MORE OFTEN: 'Not more food, but more frequent food' . . . say the doctors. And it's just as well, for your handicap's sake, to know why. They have proved that the effect of any meal in terms of ready energy begins to wear off after 2 or 3 hours; *after that you work and play below your best level—until the next meal.* So people who are keen about keeping well on top of their form now eat between-meals snacks. Cadbury's 'Milk' provides the perfect 'little meal'— balanced, energy-giving nourishment in convenient form.

★ **THE FLAT TWENTY** *is the pocket packet for the golfer and all those people who carry Cadbury's 'Milk' when they're out and about. It contains 20 Milk Neapolitans.*

keep going on

CADBURYS

MILK CHOCOLATE

MORRIS

OFFICIALLY APPROVE

TRIPLE

SHELL

LUBRICATING OIL

In those days they stood on stilts to dress hair—unless the maiden would oblige by lying on her face.

Making Your

"THE *art* of hairdressing has been ruined by modern life," bemoaned a hairdresser. "No longer do we see the beautifully dressed heads of the late Victorian and Edwardian days, with their curls, waves, and plaits. The dressing of the hair is not now the private and artistic ritual that it used to be; modern women are too impatient of restrictions and in too great a hurry to give time to such ritual.

"Women visit their hairdresser as a matter of course to-day, and only on rare occasions does he visit them in their homes, as in the old days. Those days have passed, and woman has indeed come down from her pedestal."

That is one point of view; what the speaker did not realise is that barbers and hairdressers have said much the same thing at intervals for thousands of years, whenever, indeed, hairdressing fashions fluctuated from elaboration to such simplicity as we see in many present-day styles.

Undoubtedly hairdressers of Ancient Egypt complained when their clients discarded the multitudes of tiny plaits in which their hair was dressed, and heavy jewelled filets, for a simpler fashion, very like the "bob" of a few years ago and light, narrow filets.

Ships on Your Head

Undoubtedly, too, the barber-surgeons, as they were then, complained when, round about 1745, they were finally forbidden to practise surgery, and barbers and surgeons divided by law into two separate corporations. They enjoyed the added dignity given by their surgical work, did those old fellows, and had clung to it for some hundreds of years, despite many previous attempts to arrange matters more appropriately.

And how the hairdressers of some years later must have lamented the passing of pomaded and powdered hair, built high on cushions, and decorated with models of ships, baskets of fruit, and floral garlands, that could be dressed only every ten days or two weeks, so long and expensive was the process. They ignored the scratching forks made necessary by this fashion.

Wig Fashions

It is interesting to trace the fluctuations of hairdressing fashions in England since Plantagenet days, when simple styles were in favour, care of the hair as common as at any time in history (with the exception of the present day), and not confined to the wealthy few as when elaborate hairdressing is in fashion.

Then, the hair was allowed to flow over the shoulders and kept back from the face only by a narrow filet. Later the hair was parted and woven into two plaits, which, later still, were laced with strands of fabric into ropes. After this style passed it became fashionable to have one thick rope only, and later again this was looped at the back of the head, or on the crown.

Then, the rope was gradually wound round into a knot and held in place by means of a ferrouniére or wide filet. Gradually, as the years passed, curls took the place of the knot, then developed rather suddenly into the stiff and elaborate styles of Queen Elizabeth's day, introduced no doubt from Spain. Styles that frequently made it necessary for older women to wear wigs!

Curls came once more, with the passing

When in Doubt, Sign

HE was one of those men who was rather proud of the fact that he "took everything with a pinch of salt". Give him *indisputable* evidence and he believed you—otherwise. . . .

When a neighbour told him about THE PASSING SHOW'S Free Family Insurance Gift he reacted as usual—with a doubting smile. Free Protection for himself and his family by filling in two simple forms, was to him too good to be true. There must be a snag somewhere.

But his neighbour induced him to fill in those forms.

Within a month his small son broke his forearm while playing, and this brought home to him the full significance of THE PASSING SHOW'S Great Free Family Insurance Gift.

He promptly received a cheque under the children's accident section of our Insurance Gift which enabled him to meet doctor's bills and other expenses incurred through the child's mishap, without worry.

To-day the sceptic cannot find sufficient words to praise THE PASSING SHOW'S Insurance Gift.

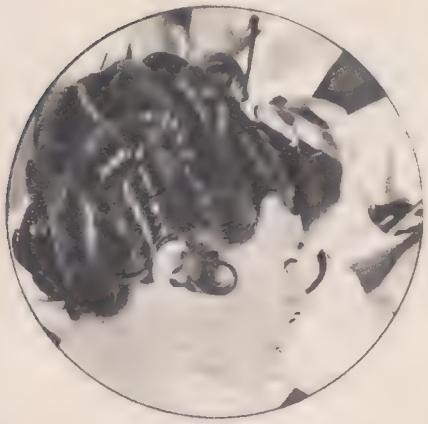
Altogether no fewer than 37 generous benefits are incorporated. In addition to children's accidents, mother and father are protected while travelling by rail, road, sea or air, while in the street, in the home, during recreation and while bathing and boating, etc.

Have *you* signed for safety? If not, fill up the Registration Forms on page 32 at once.

Woman to Woman by Irene Veal

Nowadays, the process is even more complicated—and there's invariably much less to show for it.

HAIR *Curl*



of the Tudors, and, with Cromwellian times, a kind of "bob" that was something between that of Egyptian days and our own.

This grew into curls again, either at the nape of the neck, or falling as far as the shoulders, very like one of our present-day fashions. Remember Nell Gwyn's famous ringlets.

Gradually hairdressing climbed out of this period of simplicity into the elaborations of the late seventeenth and eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries, when simplicity again became fashionable and remained so until the latter part of the nineteenth century and beginning of this. Now, artistic simplicity is holding sway, as never before, with good shaping of the head and health of the hair counted before any elaboration or unusualness in the dressing. It is the most healthy period of any since Plantagenet days.

The highest art is expressed in the sculptured outline of modern heads, whether the hair is arranged in flat waves or clustered in curls at the nape of the neck, or back or top of the head. It is virtually certain, however, that some elaboration of present hair fashions will develop for the Coronation next year, since fashion is always rather intensified for such occasions.

It is safe to say that this elaboration will take the form of more curls, and possibly ringlets, without any heavy decorative dressing. Perhaps the hairdressers who favour elaboration will be just a little more pleased with us.

Hairdressing is, however, never a simple or easy art. It is indeed one of the most difficult and calls for life-long study and hard work, if real success is to be achieved.

Girls and young men who wish to enter the profession should not forget this. Neither is hairdressing the kind of work to be taken casually.

Apprenticeship must be served in a reliable school or firm. Those schools offering full tuition in a few months, and charging quite large fees are to be avoided, because no girl or young man can graduate from them, or obtain any worthwhile position.

Not What It Was

Pupils of such schools who attempt to start for themselves are only courting disaster.

There is only one road to success in hairdressing and that is by way of hard work, study, and concentration. Study of chemistry as applied to the hair is also a great asset; especially in these days of permanent waving.

Those contemplating hairdressing as a means of livelihood would be well advised to consult one of the established Hairdressing organisations. These are wealthy, will direct anybody to the best schools or training firms, and include the National Federation, Registration Council, Parliamentary Committee, and teaching schools.

There is a good living to be made in skilled hairdressing, largely because care and study of the hair has become so common.

Another reason is because it is not the exclusive profession it was once!

What They Get

Profits, it is true, are smaller, especially for the proprietors, but fully qualified assistants now get a percentage on each client they attend as well as a salary of round about £2 12s. 0d. a week.

Although it may be true that women's greater freedom and responsibility have done away with this exclusiveness for ever, our increased earning powers and more general interest in our appearance has greatly widened the scope of the men (and now the girls) who wield the comb and curling tongs. Or should one say now, the tapering scissors and electrical apparatus?

● **SERVICE** for Women Readers in housecraft, mothercraft, dress, beauty, and all practical feminine problems, is free from the Advice Service, "The Passing Show," 31, Bow Street, London, W.C.2. Enclose a stamped envelope with your query.

Make Writing Pay

A HOBBY THAT MAKES SPARE HOURS PROFITABLE

Success in Article or Story Writing does not depend upon the possession of brilliant literary ability. Nearly every one can write well enough to get into print if he avails himself of the genuine professional training given by the Premier School of Journalism.

The student of the Premier School receives sound, individual instruction and is engaged upon actual efforts at contribution during the Courses. He is under the guidance of Gordon Meggy, himself one of Fleet Street's most successful journalists, who remains at his elbow every step of the way, ready with sympathetic advice and frank but kindly criticism.

"DURING my first month of tuition I earned £3, while at the end of the third month I was earning £5 a week, which has increased since then until my spare-time profession has become a material source of income; in fact, before the end of the Course I was making a steady £8 per week." So writes a pupil of the Premier School of Journalism—one of the many who share a similar experience.

To those who have a fixed income and growing expenses, no side-line offers so readily as journalism a means of earning that extra two or three pounds a week that makes all the difference between hardship and comfort.

The field for the writer is greater to-day than it has ever been. Hundreds of publications use the work of outside contributors and pay well for it. Pupils of the Premier School of Journalism have been paid as much as £80 for a short story written during instruction, and ex-students have received £50 for a single article on more than one occasion.

Women writers have equal chances with men in Journalism and Story Writing. Some of the most successful writers of the day are women, and among ex-students of the Premier School are women who have found in article or story writing not only enjoyment and relaxation, but a regular source of income running into hundreds of pounds a year.

The Premier School gives sound professional instruction which is attended by remarkable success. Here are statements from some of its students :—

A DARLINGTON WOMAN writes : "Since I started work by myself (i.e., on conclusion of the Course of Instruction), I have made about £500. Since the beginning of this year I have made on an average £15 a week. At the present minute I have about £160 worth of work to get through in the next three or four months. This includes a serial and the re-writing of two more for book rights. I hope you are proud of your work!" (P82)

Mr. A. Gittins

"BEFORE I went to Mr. Meggy I had never sold a short story. After I had been under his wing for six weeks I had a story accepted by *Punch*. My second acceptance appeared in the *Evening Standard*. So much for the first stories I sold under Mr. Meggy's tuition. Since then I have contributed to many and diverse publications, and it is pleasant to realise that £8 a day is not the egregious sum that I once imagined it to be. And now, after only two years at fiction writing, I feel it is not unsatisfactory to be selling stories to film companies (at three-figure sums), whilst also, as an interesting side-line, synopsizing material for one of the major American film concerns—all of which is also due to Mr. Meggy, for he gave me the necessary introduction and recommended me for the work."

Anthony Gittins

A TITLED WOMAN writes : "Thanks to your encouragement and help, I have made £66 since beginning the journalist Course with you—and I am now making a steady income with my pen. I was very much discouraged when I came to you, and had it not been for your influence and your great kindness in spurring me on to work, I should certainly never have done anything worth while." (HR440)

A BUSINESS MAN writes : "Now I can generally depend on selling two articles out of three, and the fruits of my evening and week-end labours form a very useful addition to my salary. And quite apart from the financial aspect, free-lancing is fascinating and stimulating." (C12)

NOTICE The original letters containing statements of results secured by pupils which are published in any of the School's literature or advertisements will be produced for the inspection of inquirers who call at the School at any reasonable time.

Mrs. Winifred Sykes

"On my fifty-fifth birthday I enrolled at the Premier School of Journalism. Within three months I had earned nearly £20, and, before the end of the Course, had appeared several times each in the *Daily Mail*, *News-Chronicle*, *Star*, and various important provincial papers.

I simply devoured those lessons. I dipped into them whenever I had a chance, and all the time, in exchange for articles sent to Mr. Meggy as exercises (and, after his criticism, to papers indicated by him), cheques were arriving in a most cheering manner.

I worked hard in the limited time at my disposal, and thirty-three papers accepted my articles and sketches before the Course came to an end. I should still consider that fee a good investment had I never earned a penny, for it has meant even more to me than financial gain. I started journalism as a hobby; it has proved a refuge in a time of war with adversity."

Winifred Sykes

AN ANALYTICAL CHEMIST writes : "In the last three years I have sold seven books, and serialized in Sunday newspapers all save one of them. The proceeds must have been somewhere round £1,000. Last year I was offered a £1,000-a-year job, and this year, within six months and among a lot of other work, I have twice sold six-article series at 400 guineas apiece. This is the more unexpected since, when I first came to you, I was—though a fair analytical chemist—entirely ignorant even of the first rules of writing." (HR1073)

A MARRIED WOMAN LIVING ABROAD writes : "Before the end of the Course, I had begun to sell my stories, the first acceptance being by a well-known magazine, with a request to see more of my work. At the moment I have 110 published stories to my credit, and have appeared in twenty periodicals. Were I able to devote all my time to this fascinating and lucrative profession, I could double my output." (C54)

AN EX-BANK CLERK writes : "I first met Gordon Meggy three-and-a-half years ago. I'd been sacked from a Bank following an amalgamation. As a free-lance, I've now reached a stage where everything I write 'goes.' I've reached fifteen guineas before now for slightly more than a thousand words and ten-guinea payments are fairly common." (C18)

PREMIER SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM

13 Premier House, Brunswick Square, London, W.C.1

Founded in 1919 and personally conducted by GORDON MEGGY

AN INTERESTING SAMPLE LESSON with a **CHART OF SUITABLE SUBJECTS** and details of separate courses **BY CORRESPONDENCE** in Story Writing, Article Writing, Verse Writing and Writing for Children will be sent to you FREE on application to the Chief Secretary.

The submission is invited of any short MS. upon which an opinion of your prospects can be based

POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY

To the Chief Secretary,
PREMIER SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM,
13 Premier House, Brunswick Sq., London, W.C.1

Please send me your SAMPLE LESSON, etc.

NAME.....
(State whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

ADDRESS.....
(Block Letters)

.....

.....

Post in open envelope with halfpenny stamp.

Mysteries of the Harem unveiled

Secrets which made the Eastern women of the harem so ravishingly beautiful. Age-old beauty recipes as jealously guarded as the harem itself. These have now been revealed. We know that the oils of certain exotic plants were used to give these girls the clear bewitching skin for which they were famous. Oils which sink down into the pores of the skin and remove deep-seated impurities. Oils which make the skin as soft and smooth as velvet. These are all now known to modern science and contained in the new Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood (non-greasy). After a few applications all blackheads and enlarged pores disappear. In a week your skin is fresh, clear and three shades whiter; your complexion glowing with youth and beauty. Start using Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood to-day. If you are not delighted with results, your money refunded. By special arrangement with the manufacturers, any reader of this paper may now obtain a de luxe Beauty Outfit containing the new Tokalon skinfood creams (rose for the evening, white for the day). It contains also trial packets of Tokalon "Mousse of Cream" Powder. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address:

Large jar is nearly 2½ TIMES THIS SIZE

Tokalon Ltd. (Dept.431B) Chase Rd., London, N.W.10

THE LANGUAGE BUGBEAR!

Feats of memory and grammar perplexities—the greatest obstacles to learning languages—are banished from the HUGO Courses, and it is their absence which makes learning by the Hugo Master-plan so easy and attractive. Here is pleasurable study in reality; a means by which you can reach your objective with the same zest as you would devote to any other subject.

HUGO *Special Self-Tuition Courses (by post) in*

FRENCH, GERMAN, SPANISH, or ITALIAN **5/-** *monthly*

Send for a free specimen lesson and prospectus

HUGO'S LANGUAGE INSTITUTE
64-66 Oxford Street, London, W.1

Gunman's Game

by S. L. BENSUSAN

I CALL them "my partridges," but I can't justify the claim; it is a mere conceit. The partridges are no more mine than they are yours; but I can at least explain my presumption. At the back end of last winter when the badly harassed and shattered coveys were breaking up and "sportsmen" preferred to pursue hand-reared pheasants, I found that two birds had chosen my meadows for their courting ground.

I visited them day after day and they would allow me to go within easy distance, not merely because I did not carry a gun, but also because love casts out fear throughout the wide world of wild life.

Just as the Highland stag forgets his enemy, man—when rutting season opens, so the pairing partridges forget the shot gun and the beaters and the troubles that come to them with the autumn and the first part of winter. You can only recognise these troubles when you compare the June and the September aspects of the countryside; they were born to high waving grass and green corn; to-day the grass is in the haystack and the corn has been brought to the yards; the land that sheltered "small fowl" is bare.

When the birds had been seen on the meadows for several weeks it was clear that they had come to stay, at least until nesting time; soon the gardener was complaining that they were busy in the vegetable garden at daybreak and taking their breakfast from young green things growing. Still, a pair of partridges do not consume a great deal of food; I felt that they ought to have all they required to satisfy their needs, and said so.

Safe

Winter passed, the spring followed and when we moved toward summer the partridges made their modest nest by the side of a garden bank where one of them could always be seen sitting close. It may be she felt safe from the hedgehogs and hawks, the jays, magpies and stoats that would have been potential enemies had she strayed farther afield.

To be sure, there was the man who passed her nearly every day and took a quiet look, there was a woman who did the same, but the mother partridge soon learned that these alarming people bore her no ill-will.

Even when the motor-mower came within a yard or two of her home, and it did this every week, she sat tight and doubtless hoped for the best, though I am sure she never knew why the fringe of grass that surrounded her was not disturbed and was even allowed to seed. Because humans were about the garden and her nesting place was known, none of her natural enemies ventured that way.

Even the dogs were not permitted to run across that bank and the favourite cat who might have found the nest and dealt with the brooding mother after the fashion of her kind, was no longer there; she strayed to the woods in the early part of the year, never to return.

Bird Tricks

The time came in June when the proud parent partridges had sixteen little ones in their charge; they led them down to the brook and into the meadow beyond and the first indication of a change of address came when the mother bird flew round me in very agitated fashion and then lit on to the ground, to run with drooping wing as though she were wounded.

It was her intention that I should pursue her and when she had taken me far enough away from the chicks she would have flown. But I chose to stay still and looked at the grass and soon saw the little fledglings running about to take cover, which they did perfectly. Then I walked away and heard her calling her babies. Where and when did that simple device practised by so many helpless birds originate?

The incident brought back to mind one that I should prefer to forget. It was an early September morning in Scotland where the low grounds begin their ascent to the grouse moor. I had been out with my gun soon after daybreak and while walking along the river bank a partridge came up from the grass and flew round me in a circle.

I did not take any notice. A few minutes later the bird rose again to do the same thing so I shot it, only to realise almost immediately that I had made a bad blunder, having entirely forgotten that partridges hatch out much later when you are approaching the Highlands than they do in the south.

I waited a minute, and then walked to the bank of a stream to take cover behind a tree and stood still. Another partridge called anxiously. There could be no mistake about the dominant feature of this call and later the cock bird with about ten little ones rose and went across the water and over the hedge. Mother partridge had been trying to attract my attention so that I should not disturb the late born chicks, and I had not understood. From that time until the day came when I gave up shooting I was careful never to repeat the mistake. This bird reminded me of it.

The hen partridge prepares the nest

The hen settles down

The first egg is hatched

The hen leads the chicks away

The deserted nest

Squeakers

Possibly because there is plenty of food of all sorts, insects, seeds, young green stuff and the rest, the parents and their large family stayed by us until the hour of the harvest. Then one day, when the self-binders had been through the corn and the sheaves were standing up and the floor of the fields were rich with the spilt grain, I found that the covey had disappeared.

The tiny birds had ceased to be something more than patches of flying feather, they had grown to the stage at which the countryman knows them as squeakers, and on the rich unrestricted diet of the stubbles they would reach maturity very quickly indeed.

Now that the shooting season has opened again they must face their fortune and it can only be bad, because there will be eighteen in the covey when it is flushed in the roots or clover and the guns are bound to take a heavy toll. In all probability the old birds will be the first to fall and the remains of this year's brood pass over the gun-lined hedgerows; further tribute must be taken until at last there may be no more than half a dozen survivors.

By the end of next month they will be wild and wary, knowing mankind for their enemy. They will be on their guard against the fox and will range themselves in a circle when they "jug" for the night with heads to every wind that blows. They have ceased to be my partridges; they belong to the first man with a game licence on whose land they have strayed. The matter for regret is that I have no power to tell my harmless little friends of the earlier summer where food, shelter and safety are to be had.

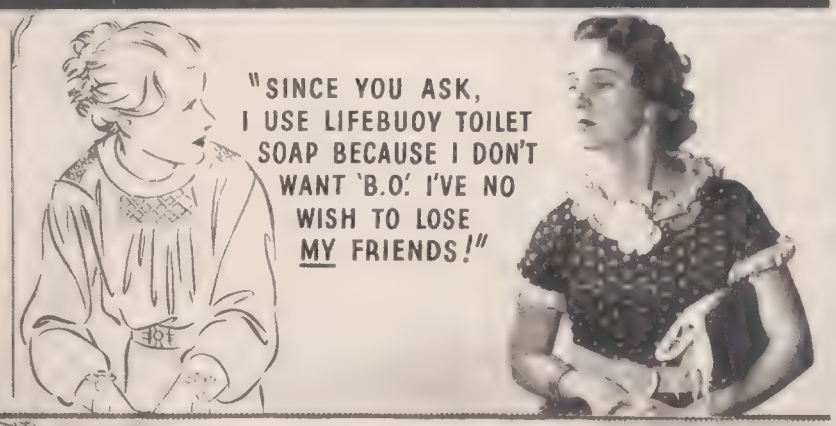
On Their Way

There was a time when I bred partridges, collecting a certain number of eggs from my fields, setting them under bantam hens and rearing them in runs that were opened when the birds were old enough.

The curious part of this experiment was that the partridges always "jugged" in the meadow in which they were born and as this meadow was close to the house, I had to tell friends who came to shoot with me that no partridges were to be shot or even shot at on the grass in the late afternoon. In those days I had arable fields on either side of the grass land, so that these partridges could feed in safety, and they would remain together until the back end of the winter, when they split up and paired and went their way.

This would be all that could happen now if it were possible to guard the little company that has made its home with me; they would stay until Christmas or the early part of January and then they would pair and go to fields where none would know them from the next covey. But I should be well pleased if I could continue to call them my partridges until Christmas has come and gone. Then they might become citizens of the world and take their chance in it with a fair chance of beating the gun.

"I'd hate to lose my friends!"



"Well, here goes for some deep cleansing!

I CAN FEEL THE FRESHNESS IN THE LATHER. *Topping!"*

3D per tablet

PRICE IN UNITED KINGDOM ONLY

LIFEBUOY TOILET SOAP

prevents 'B.O.' (body-odour)

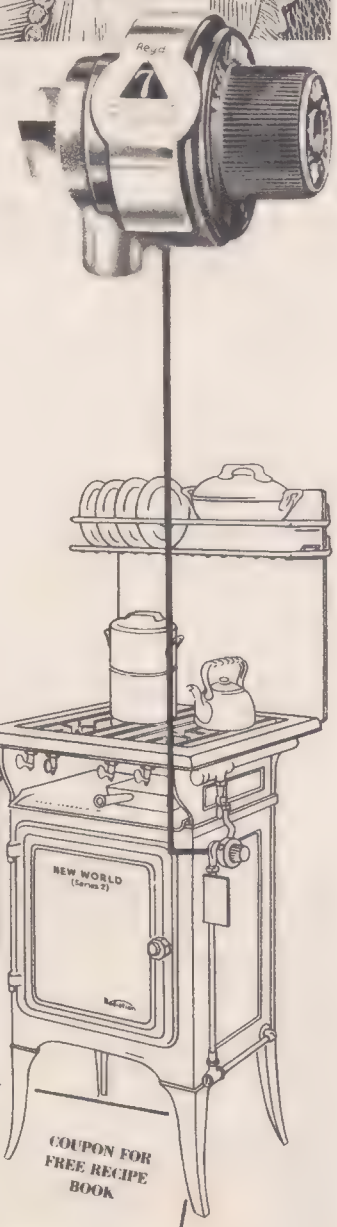
A *LEVER* PRODUCT

Its special health element is your protection

LBT 208-201

DOCTORS' WIVES SAY...

COOK THE 'REGULO' WAY!



The Doctor is so particular about his vitamins—he used to be almost as difficult as his worst patient!...But since the "New World" Gas Cooker was installed in the kitchen, he has not uttered a single complaint. You see, guesswork and indifferently cooked meals have now been entirely eliminated. Cook simply sets the Regulo at the required number, and it's so reliable that one automatically depends on the perfect cooking which results. In fact, the Doctor is now so enthusiastic about this new way of cooking, that he is recommending the "New World" to all his patients.

-and people you know use the REGULO!

To Radiation, Ltd. (Dept.S.25), 164, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

Name .....

Address .....

Post under ½d. stamp.

COUPON FOR FREE RECIPE BOOK

Radiation

NEW WORLD

REGULO-CONTROLLED PORCELAIN ENAMELLED

GAS COOKERS

SEE THEM AT YOUR GAS SHOWROOMS

THIN?

WORN-OUT, AILING, NERVOUS

Accept This Startling No-Risk Offer—

Your Money back if "VIKELP" TABLETS do not . . .

1. Correct Malnutrition.
2. Add at least 5 lbs. of good, firm, flesh.
3. Strengthen nerves.
4. Banish systemic disorders such as constipation, rheumatism, goitre, indigestion, insomnia.
5. Make you eat and sleep better.
6. Give you Radiant Health, New Strength, Tireless-Energy.

Amazing Mineral Concentrate from the Pacific Ocean Builds Thin, Worn-out, Nervous People Into Strong, Red-Blooded Men and Women Without the Use of Drugs.

Here's new hope and encouragement for thousands of even "naturally skinny," weak, worn-out, haggard-looking men and women, whose energy and strength have been sapped by over-work and worry—who are nervous, irritable, always half-sick and ailing. Nutrition experts say the principal cause of these run-down conditions is GLANDS STARVING FOR MINERALS AND FOOD IODINE. When these glands do not work properly all the food in the world can't help you—it just isn't turned into flesh. And so you stay skinny, nervous, tired-out, and run-down.

The most important gland, the Thyroid—and other tiny hidden glands which actually control body-weight and strength—needs a definite ration of the 12 life-giving MINERALS and FOOD IODINE all the time (do not confuse with chemical iodides which often prove toxic, nor iodine fumes). Only when the system gets an adequate supply of FOOD IODINE and MINERALS can you regulate metabolism—the body's process of converting digested food into firm flesh, new health, strength and energy.

To get these vital minerals (Iron, Magnesium, Phosphorus, Calcium, etc.) and Iodine in concentrated and assimilable food form, take "VIKELP" Tablets, made of an amazing Pacific Ocean seaplant now recognised as the world's richest source of these precious substances. They contain 1300 times more iodine than oysters, once considered the richest source. Your body is not only rejuvenated but malnutrition, faulty metabolism, constipation, gastritis, rheumatism, goitre, and other systemic ailments are corrected or disappear entirely.

Try "VIKELP" Tablets for 10 days and notice the difference. See flattering, extra pounds of "stay-there" flesh appear in place of scrawny hollows. Notice how much better you feel, eat and sleep—and if you don't gain extra pounds (8 to 9 lbs. not uncommon) the trial is free. They cost but little to use. Your own doctor will approve this way. 40 tablets 1/9d., 100 3/6d., 225 6/9d., 675 17/6d. If your dealer cannot supply you send 3/6d. for 10 days' guaranteed treatment to Dept. P.A.S/9/1, Health Products Laboratories, Ltd., 10 Henrietta Street, London, W.1.

VIKELP HEALTH and BODY BUILDING Tablets

CONTINUING

Furnace Fires

self falling, he jumped clear and landed in the sand. Scrambling to his feet, he ran after the engine and truck.

And then it happened.

"Th' ladle, Trent, for God's sake look out!" roared Harry Royden's voice from the step of another engine.

Trent did not hear. He was too engrossed in removing from view the incriminating truck. The steam-valve was full open, the engine gaining speed. The distance between Trent's engine and the thirty-ton ladle, being shunted in from Royden's blast-furnace and on the same track, was lessening rapidly.

With an echoing crash engine and ladle truck collided. Voices shouted stentoriously, brakes squealed, and men leapt aside. The huge ladle swayed sideways, tilted more as its liquid contents shifted the centre of gravity, and then toppled over.

"Th' crazy fool!" shouted someone, as the molten ore gushed and spilled about, "he might've . . . Good Heavens" he added in a sudden hoarse cry, "th' young fellow's trapped."

It was so. Not knowing, as these men did instinctively, which way to jump, Bill Carruthers had hesitated the fraction of a second too long.

The delay looked like being fatal. The red, bubbling liquid surrounding him was spreading all the while. It was spreading outwards—already the span was greater than jumping distance. It was oozing inwards, causing his sand island to dwindle.

Bill could feel the intense heat scorching his clothing. He began to moisten his lips and then tightened them suddenly with the ghastly knowledge that his tongue had been burnt and, now, was parched and swollen. He glanced about wildly, beginning to lose his nerve.

"Try to jump," was the ridiculous counsel suggested by his confused brain. Vaguely, he saw figures standing just beyond reach of the molten ore. There was excruciating agony in his eyes; things were blurring rapidly.

Then, raised above other sounds, he heard Royden roar:

"Th' crane, you fools, th' crane. Mitchell, Mitchell! over here an' lower your grab to him."

The quick whir of machinery. Something dangling above his head. Deep-throated voices calling to him to catch hold. He did. Clinging with all his might, he felt himself hoisted upward.

The heat was less intense. His brain cleared a little. Laughing rather queerly, he thought: "I can hold on to this grab for ever, as long as he takes me away from that damned glowing mass."

He sensed the swing of the crane. Feeling appreciably cooler, he glanced downward. He had been lifted a considerable height, about forty feet, he decided. He saw dwarf-like figures. The incident that had precipitated this situation came sharply to mind. He called down hoarsely:

"Royden, get hold of those fellows—Trent and the others. Hang on to 'em."

"We've got 'em, lad," came the answering shout.

Bill sensed another swing, and other movement. "Being lowered now," he thought. In the same instant he heard Summers bellow: "By God! I'll stop it."

"Stop it?" thought Bill stupidly, and became conscious of aching arms. He saw a man climbing to "Bessie's" control-box. Down below voices shouted harshly:

"What the hell are you after, Summers?" and "Hey, Mitchell, why don't you swing him clear?"

Nearer his own level, Bill saw Summers reach the box, sweep Mason aside, and himself grasp the controls. He heard a roaring sound. Then, as a black, bulb-shaped thing moved, he looked into "Bessie's" white-hot, belching maw.

"What is Summers doing?" he thought frantically. "I can't stand this. Why doesn't Mitchell lower me—away from that damned heat?"

He twisted his head round suddenly, and saw that he was nearer than he had supposed to Mitchell's crane-seat. He felt still more hot and, intending to shout to Mitchell, he drew a long breath. The shout began, only to be strangled in his throat.

"God!" he thought, staring with horror into Mitchell's eyes, "not only Summers who's out to finish me. That chap—he's mad!" Mitchell's voice came to him:

"Mustn't drop it," he croaked, "mustn't drop it on poor old Sam Arkwright." A pause, and a horrible crackling laugh. "No mistakes this time. Get it to th' soaking-pit."

Bill felt movement then, and his senses reeled. Mitchell had gone off his head! His brain had given way and was deluding him that his grab held an ingot of steel. *He was going to drop that ingot in the 1,500 Fahrenheit soaking pit!*

Bill tried to shout to him but his throat muscles felt queerly constricted, numb. Then, in that tense, horrible moment of realisation, lightning thoughts darted into his mind. Arkwright's death wasn't connected with their faulty steel. Mitchell, with this madness creeping over him, had made a mistake with his levers. Affected by "Bessie"—possibly the last straw? His accusation against Summers? Cunning, or perhaps the truth, distorted by his madman's brain.

His thoughts flashed on. "I'm done! What with Summers hating me, and that madman, I haven't a chance. Better let go this grab. Crash down on those rollers rather than . . ."

Another voice! A calm, decisive voice that shouted just loudly enough to be heard above "Bessie's" roar.

"Mitchell," it said, "swing your crane to the left and lower that ingot slowly to the ground."

"Dan Summers!" thought Bill—and "Left? That takes me . . . by heaven! I'm over the soaking-pit . . . it isn't 'Bessie' that's making me hot! Left? Why, that takes me away and—and it means Summers . . . isn't out to . . . finish me!"

He looked across and down into the control-box, and his heart leapt. Summers must've seen the madness in Mitchell's eyes. Perhaps had suspected it before? At all events, he was fighting the bemused brain that had given way under the years of staring at red-hot ingots and into fiery furnaces. He was fighting it with "Bessie's" flaming, roaring mouth trained full in Mitchell's direction. A dangerous weapon, but the only one the madman might understand.

And at what cost? Bill realised suddenly that, with the crane in its present position, "Bessie" had to be trained so that the intense, devilish heat played on Summers himself long before it reached Mitchell.

Lord! Summers couldn't stand it. The clothing about his arm was beginning to smoulder. Mighty brave chap, risking his life for one who'd wronged him, but Mitchell was bound to win! Better end it. Save Summers that agony by dropping . . .

"Steady now, Mitchell. Lower it easy!" Summer's voice grinding out the words as he twisted his body as far as possible from the licking flames.

The seconds passed. Then, blessed sound, the whir of the crane machinery. Mitchell cackling foolishly: "Easy it is, no breakages" . . . hands reaching to grab him.

When Bill returned to consciousness they had taken poor Mitchell away. Dan Summers was near by, propped up and swathed in bandages. Betty Royden was beside him.

Harry Royden was explaining that they'd got the half-dozen men implicated in the substitution of lumps of waste material for the manganese and silicon. "Th' fellows," it seemed, had made them talk!

Quite a clever game it had been. Trucks of sound material switched away under cover of darkness. Trucks of waste shunted in to "Bessie," while a lorry drove off with the manganese and silicon being stolen and sold.

Royden finished by crinkling up his grimy, sweat-streaked face in a smile, and saying:

"You kept your head fine, lad—and, well, reckon you'm good enough for my Lucy."

Bill looked across at Summers, who had started a little at Harry Royden's words. Reaching out a hand, he said: "Thanks, Summers, for what you did." A pause and then, as being the best way to amend his earlier misjudgment, he added in the men's vernacular: "Well, reckon head blower an' me will be some sort of relatives, eh Dan?"

Fighting Ill-Health

TO assist in fighting disease Beechams Pills Limited has agreed to build and partially maintain, new Laboratories at the Royal Northern Hospital, London, N. 7, in which there will be facilities for pathological, bacteriological, bio-chemical and pharmaceutical research. In these Laboratories, fully equipped for the purpose, the highly trained staff of the hospital will investigate the causes of diseases as well as the best method of combatting them.

THE WORLD OF TOMORROW — by RAY CUMMINGS

No Office Wife for You

YOU are a sales manager and at your desk, alone in your little metal cubby office, you say to a photo-electric cell:

"Give me my letters that need answering, please."

The bundled sheaf of letters comes popping out of a vacuum tube from the sorting machine in a distant cubby. You say to another photo-electric cell mechanism:

"Take a letter, please."

The speaker grid of the voice-type machine swings out into position before your face.

The voice-type machine clicks as it types your spoken words. You dictate for most of the morning. When you are finished, the voice-type machine aligns the fifty-odd letters in the signing rack, so that to sign them you only write your name once.

The letters are mechanically whisked away through a wall aperture to the mailing room, where the folding machines presently have them stamped and deposited in the vacuums en route to the post office.

After lunch you secure visible interviews with seven or eight really important customers in Brazil, Ecuador, Venezuela, and Peru; and you are rewarded with a few good-sized orders.

Your salesmen assemble for the daily conference at 4 p.m. Twenty television mirrors in a crescent around you. And for half an hour you lecture on how they must sell more goods.

You fly home at 5 p.m. Your wife greets you.

"John, I imagine you haven't spoken to a person in the flesh since you left me this morning. Did you?" she asks.

Come to think of it, you haven't. She sighs contentedly.

"The machinery of modern business is very wonderful, John. Poor Mrs. Smith—her husband is so old-fashioned in business. She was telling me to-day she's awfully jealous of that pretty stenographer he's got. She says that's his office wife. But I don't have to worry like that, do I?"

Business in the world of to-morrow will be about like this. Don't you think so? Did you know that a voice-type machine has already been invented? Its cost is excessive, and it's not quite practical yet for commercial use; but no doubt it soon will be.

Now!

CREST

comes to
make the 2d. bar
a *luxury*...

A bar thickly and lusciously coated with chocolate rich and milky—a delight in itself to think of . . . this flaunting chocolate-wealth but a mere casing for a broad and deep slab of solid, crunchy, scrumptious *something*—suggesting an ideal combination of old-fashioned toffee at its grandest (with the *real* flavour) and "butterscotch" at its lightest and crispest . . . then this masterpiece of confectionery, called (for want of a sublimer word) candy, flavoured well and plentifully with choice almonds . . . CREST!

And the price (believe it or not) is 2d.!

CREST

Youthful

and
how **very** smart!

A gown created by **GLENNY**
of **BOND STREET**

Glenny Pattern and full instructions in exchange for Robin Starch lids

Youthful—summery—very slimming! But it took an artist like Glenny to add the something extra that makes this evening frock so instantly noticeable—a subtle blend of simplicity and sophistication. The frock is made in white muslin with a black polka dot, and finished off with a black patent ribbon belt. You'll find it easy to make, with the Robin pattern—and easy to keep at its fresh, sparkling best with Robin Starch. Glenny himself says: "*Starching is essential to the style of the gown to keep the crispness of the sleeves and skirt.*" And starching, as all the world knows, means Robin.

An exclusive pattern with simple instructions for easy, perfect cutting and making-up, will be to sent you in exchange for Robin box lids. Bust sizes are 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Post the coupon, with the lid bearing the price, from one 10d. packet of Robin Starch; OR lids bearing prices to the amount of 10d. from 5d., 2½d., 1½d. or 1d. packets. Use a sealed, stamped envelope.

ROBIN STARCH

POST THIS COUPON To Pattern Dept., RECKITT & SONS LTD., HULL.
I enclose Robin Starch lids bearing prices to the amount of 10d. Please send me pattern R.P.15 of evening frock by Glenny, bust size 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 (strike out sizes not required).

(PLEASE WRITE IN CAPITAL LETTERS)

NAME .....

5/4.9.36.

ADDRESS .....

VAPEX
TRADE MARK
INHALANT

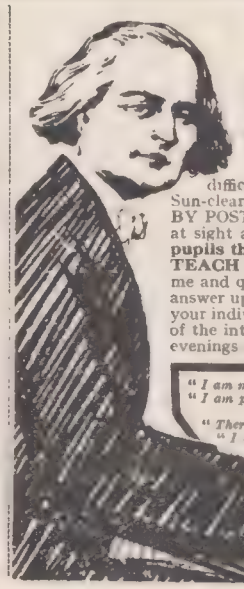
Cured a cold "in no time"

"I have just recovered from an irritating cold and, thanks to your wonderful Vapex, it was cured in no time. The Inhalant is as effective as it is pleasant. I shall surely recommend it to my friends."
J. L., Paisley.

Vapex gives instant relief; it clears the head and kills the germs which cause the trouble. It is the safest, surest, most rapid remedy . . . . 20 years of world-wide use have proved its worth.

Of Chemists 2 - & 3.-

V 145 THOMAS KERFOOT & CO., LTD.



I'll Teach YOU to play the piano

Without Drudgery, Fatigue, or Failure. Even if you are of middle age *and start without knowing a note*, I can quickly make you play so that **you will be welcome everywhere.** If already a player, technical and sight-reading difficulties shall disappear, like a dream. Weary, mechanical practice is displaced by Sun-clear, Fascinating, Original Lessons from ordinary music, no freakish methods, BY POST, in your home, **making failure impossible**, and enabling you to read and play at sight any standard musical composition. **I have enrolled more than 2,600 adult pupils these last 12 months, have taught over 43,000 during 31 years, and I CAN TEACH YOU.** I would emphasize that during tuition you are personally in touch with me and questions arising out of your studies are encouraged. In many cases I write my answer upon the same sheet of paper as the question is asked. I grade my lessons to suit your individual needs, adding special supplementary lessons as requirement arises. Think of the intense pleasure to yourself and friends in being able speedily to play during long evenings and dull Sundays. This is your opportunity. Write to me NOW.

PROOF

"I am more than satisfied with my progress."—*J. B. Z 43690. Age 20.*
"I am progressing nicely and am able to play more smoothly and with more confidence." *H.E. Z 43262. Age 28.*
"There is a definite improvement in tone production." *J. F. Z 43204. Age 28.*
"I am getting on wonderfully well."—*Mrs. J. Z 43833. Age 47.*

Send p.c. for free copy of my book, "Mind, Muscle, and Keyboard," my special pamphlet, "Truth in Advertising," and form for free advice. Say if Advanced, Moderate, Elementary, or Beginner.

Mr. H. BECKER (Dept. 66),
69 FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.

TRAIN NOW FOR THE CIVIL SERVICE

THIS 40 pp. GUIDE free

Individual POSTAL Training, taken at home, in leisure time is recognised as the BEST, EASIEST, and most ECONOMICAL means of preparation for the examinations of the Civil Service.

The Metropolitan College is a leading Civil Service Training Centre which SPECIALISES in POSTAL Training. If you are interested in the Civil Service Examinations, send for this informative free "Guide" TO-DAY.

METROPOLITAN COLLEGE

Dept. S5/2, ST. ALBANS

CC5375

'BETTER BUY
CAPSTAN
they're blended better

THEY'RE WILLS'S 10 for 6d. 20 for 11½d.
PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED CIGARETTES

The Passing Show's £2,000
FREE FAMILY INSURANCE GIFT
37 GENEROUS BENEFITS — *Complete the forms below*

PASSING SHOW
Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To .....
(Name of Newsagent)

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve PASSING SHOW for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. P.S., 5/9/36

CUT HERE

Post *this Form to*
"Passing Show" Insurance Registration Department, 128, Long Acre, W.C.2.
I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of PASSING SHOW. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

Name and Address.....
of Newsagent

.....

.....
Date.....

Use halfpenny stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if halfpenny stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. P.S., 5/9/36

JEALOUSY *takes a* CALL

CARDIFF DOCKS on a wet and windy night in February is not the most cheerful place to begin my story, but the incidents began there which lead up to the strange experience that befell me aboard the old *James Haines* some weeks later.

All the foul weather in Hades would not have dissuaded me from going ashore that night, for we had been a long way from Cardiff—our home port, and I had been eating my heart out all the while, longing to be home for a glimpse of a certain young lady.

I was soon on the dock-side, my head in the clouds as I hastened on my way, which took me past the tramp steamer lying in the dock ahead of us, on whose rusty stern I read the name *Tancred* as I passed. Somebody was just stepping off her gang-plank, and we nearly collided in the bad light. A moment later we were shaking hands warmly, for this was an old friend—Dick Moore, with whom I had gone through my training as a Wireless Operator.

This was no place for talking about old days, and in a few minutes we were well on our way to my eagerly-waited meeting, discussing our adventures of the last few years as we hurried through the familiar streets.

We were soon at the doors of the rather shabby little house. I can remember still the melancholy laurel bush in the front yard, creaking and thrashing in the high wind that plucked at our clothes as if to draw us away.

It was very different inside, where friendly faces and firelight made us at home, where the talk rose and fell and touched on a thousand half-forgotten memories, and where there was Evelyn. . . .

Somehow, my heart had been in my mouth, fearing that she might have changed since our last meeting—but it seemed only her beauty had changed, and that for the better.

It was a disappointment to have to return to my ship that night without seeing her for a moment alone, but I could anticipate many more evenings together, before we were due to sail.

Moore was instantly made one of the family, and became a centre of attraction, with his humour and good-looks—so much so, that he was begged to come again as often as he cared, while the *Tancred* was in port.

We walked back to the docks together in high good-humour, although I felt a vague uneasiness—a tinge of jealousy perhaps, and of wistfulness at being so much less brilliant company than my friend.

That feeling deepened and darkened as the time went by, and I found that Moore was making full use of his invitation. Always established comfortably near the fire when I arrived, he was often the last to leave, and it was not long before I sensed a lack of the old welcome—almost an amused and patronising hospitality. I felt that in some subtle way he was drawing Evelyn away from me.

My castles in the air were falling about my ears, and a few weeks later, knowing that the *James Haines* must sail the following day, I made up my mind in desperation to have a straight talk with Moore. The *Tancred* was not due out for several more days, and I felt that unless I could appeal to the loyalty of his friendship, everything that I had longed for during many years, was lost, and my happiness gone.

We had long ceased to walk over together, and that evening I entered the front yard for the last time, wondering how I could find an opportunity to talk to Moore alone.

To my surprise, he was standing at the door in the act of knocking, but faced about on hearing my step. Knowing that nobody was likely to appear until one of us knocked, I seized the chance to tell him in a few words what was in my mind. He listened for a little, smiling slightly in a way which I knew to be admired by Evelyn, then shrugged his shoulders and turned again to the door.

All the misery and anger flared up in me at that, and before his hand touched the knocker, I had him by the shoulder.

He struck at my face savagely, and the unexpected blow staggered me for a moment. Then his fingers were at my throat, and we were struggling on the ground, battering to and fro in the twilight under the grimy laurel—struggling to smash and choke.

We were fairly evenly matched, but his first attacks had given Moore the advantage, I remember very little of the last phase. Something seemed to burst in my head, and everything blackened out.

How long I lay there I shall never know, but before I had fully regained consciousness I was aware of shadows moving on the drawn blinds of the sitting-room, where I had known so much happiness. Dully I watched them . . . the shadows of Evelyn and Moore . . . together. . . .

Three weeks later the *James Haines* was pitching into a heavy sea from the Nor'west. The wireless cabin stood high above the turmoil, being just aft the chart-house and bridge, but up there one felt the full force of the wind, which howled in the funnel-stays and kept the taut aerial humming an urgent note.

After the clamour outside it was quiet enough in my cabin—quieter still with the headphones on, and nothing audible but a thin, irregular whistle forcing its way through a vast emptiness alive with rustlings and whisperings. It was a curious contrast—outside, the roar and menace of the North Atlantic in winter—inside, the tiny insistent voices from near and far, busy about the affairs of mankind, carrying news of success and disaster, danger and help, press schedules, weather reports. . . .

It was these last especially which kept my pencil on the move, for Captain Peterson was anxious about the rising gale, and required all the information I was able to obtain. I took the latest to the bridge when I went off watch, clawing my way along under the lee of the chart-house, but lashed by the bitter salt spray nevertheless.

True Life Stories

Ten guineas for *your* True Life Story if you write it yourself in printable form; two guineas if you send us only a summary. That is "Passing Show's" invitation to readers, made because we believe in the old saying that "Truth is Stranger than Fiction."

The second officer at my elbow, scrawled down the distress signal

He nodded grimly on reading it, and stared out over the weather dodger towards the North, as if trying to gauge the strength of the enemy.

I returned to the wireless cabin, looking forward to a few hours in my berth. My last duty before turning in was to see that the Auto-Alarm apparatus was working properly. This delicately-adjusted mechanism takes the place of an operator when necessary—so far as distress signals are concerned. Alarm gongs are sounded in the wireless cabin and on the bridge by the instrument if it picks up a call from any ship in distress.

It was only necessary to close a switch to set the auto-alarm on watch, and it was my invariable habit to do this before turning in.

Little rest I got, for we were pitching more and more violently, and before long the noise of the wind had risen from a howl to a screech, while a distant confused shouting suggested they were having trouble somewhere on deck. I began to feel that I should be on watch, whether I had slept or not, and after a few more ineffectual efforts, soon took myself back to my receiver, switching off the Auto-Alarm and setting myself down to pick up whatever of value there might be.

Suddenly, cutting through the babel of morse, came the signal an operator's ears are always pricked to catch—faint but unmistakable—the Distress Call.

To judge by the strength of signals, it was from far away, and the message which followed was broken by long silences, often indistinct and confused.

SOS DEGVXP. "Tancred." 750 miles south-east Cape Race. Fore hatch stove by heavy seas. Down by the head and cannot last many hours. All boats carried away and wireless damaged. Help required urgently.

Almost by instinct I started up my transmitter to reply, but before I had done so one thought loomed larger and larger in my mind, and hatred welled up in my heart—it was Moore who had sent that message. He was in deadly danger—asking help from *me*——.

I put the headphones on again and listened. Signals from the *Tancred* were hardly audible.

I realised we were probably the only ship within range, and if I went back to my berth, Moore could whine and whine, until the *Tancred* plunged. I wondered if he would smile then as he had smiled when I begged him to leave Evelyn alone.

I put out my hand to the morse key, and as I did so saw how battered my fingers still were from the fight, and remembered shadows on a drawn blind. A moment later I had dashed the headphones on the table and was out on the streaming deck—anywhere to be out of reach of Moore calling, calling. . . .

The fury of the wind nearly took my breath away, but I found some shelter just aft the bridge and braced myself there, finding a sort of wild comfort in the tumult going on around me.

Suddenly, close above my head a tremendous clangour broke out—strident above all other sounds—the great alarm gong on the bridge. It was echoed in the chartroom, and in the wireless cabin another gong clanged insistently.

Before I could pull myself together there was a rush of feet, and the second officer, hands cupped around his mouth, was shouting against the din—words which were swept away or drowned, but of which I caught: ". . . hurry . .. God's sake . . . Auto-Alarm picked up distress call . . . racket . . . hurry . . . Old man wants to know . . ."

A moment later I was in the cabin, and the opening of a switch stopped the alarm gongs—it seemed strangely quiet then.

The second officer was at my elbow, eager for the news, and while he waited I wrote down for the second time—as I alone knew—the distress message from the *Tancred*.

He hurried off with it to the Captain, while I called Moore, and told him—as if in a dream—that help was close at hand.

Almost at once, a change in the motion of the *James Haines* told me we had changed our course, and from then on I was intensely busy handling messages between the two ships, as we rapidly converged on the sinking vessel. In the grey dawn, six hours later, we were almost alongside the *Tancred*, and before she turned over and sank, the sea had moderated a little, and our boats were able to take off her whole crew.

I saw the last boat come alongside, and in her was Moore—haggard, unshaven, soaked with salt water until he looked like a half-drowned rat. As I looked, it suddenly came over me that I must have been utterly mad to think of sacrificing others to be revenged on anything so abject. I turned away, with all my hatred gone and a feeling almost of pity. . . . I never saw him again, for the survivors of the *Tancred* were soon transhipped to a liner, and our paths have never crossed since.

I have often wondered if he heard that six weeks after the *Tancred* left Cardiff, Evelyn was married with much pomp to a prosperous coal agent of that town.

What puzzles me still is this. Did I unconsciously, and from force of habit, switch the Auto-Alarm on watch before I left the cabin, was I more than half crazy with grief and hatred that night, or do things sometimes happen which cannot be explained, but which save us from working evil on those to whom we mean no harm?

NEXT WEEK

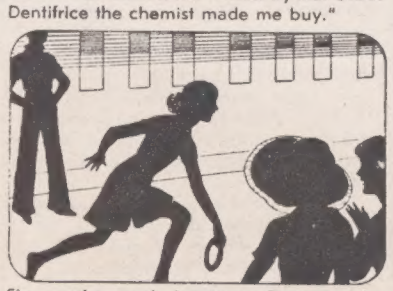
Special Autumn Number

- G. Bernard Shaw
- A. J. Cronin
- Naomi Mitchison
- Rosita Forbes
- Gerald Heard
- S. L. Bensusan
- Lucian Cary

The Holiday of a Lifetime— thanks to GIBBS DENTIFRICE

"I'm right out of things as usual," grumbled Diana. "How Elsie's laughing . . . such white teeth! That reminds me—I must try that Gibbs Dentifrice the chemist made me buy."

"How fresh it makes my mouth feel," she thought. Gibbs penetrated into the crevices of teeth and gums; swept away poisons; cleansed that neglected, unhealthy mouth.



She awoke much brighter. That day she was energetic enough to join in the games. "Diana's bucking up," said Elsie, "She looks amazingly attractive when she smiles."

First Prize for deck tennis! Climax of two weeks' fun! Diana was proud. Her pearly teeth flashed in a jolly smile. "Thanks to Gibbs for a glorious holiday," she thought.

Fresh as sea-breezes, the bubbly foam of Gibbs Dentifrice cleanses mouth as well as teeth. Not a fold or crevice can escape its purifying, germ-killing, invigorating action. And how exquisitely Gibbs polishes teeth . . . to the pearly, vivid whiteness of unscratched, living enamel. Gibbs Dentifrice is the most widely used dentifrice throughout the British Empire. Best for grown-ups, best for children, too. Change to GIBBS today!

YOUR TEETH ARE IVORY CASTLES—*defend them with*

Gibbs DENTIFRICE

NOW IN TWO FORMS
SOLID CAKES In Tins 7½d. 1/-, 1/6 Refills 11d.
TOOTH PASTE In Tubes 6d. & 1/-

GD 122 Lx

Between Deals
A COOLING
WASH WITHOUT WATER

If you have ever wished for a compact, simple means of cleansing your hands or face, at bridge, tennis, dances or when travelling, you will find the perfect answer in refreshing, Cologne-scented One-da Wafers

ONE-DA
+ CLEANSING WAFERS +
"A wash in your pocket"

6° & 1'3 FROM HAIRDRESSERS, CHEMISTS, STORES ETC.,
Special Handbag Size 6° post free from
Osborne, Garrett & Co. Ltd. London, W.1.

Try CORO-SHAVE
-seven day Trial
Tube FREE!

Coro-Shave is the brushless shave that really does shave! No hot water, no lather—yet the cleanest, closest shave you've ever known. And how Coro-Shave soothes a tender skin!

POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY

To Crown Perfumery Co. Ltd. (Dept.237), 39 King's Road, London, N.W.1. Please send me seven-day sample of Coro-Shave. I enclose 1½d. in stamps for postage and packing. Your envelope must be sealed and bear a 1½d. stamp.

Name_____

Address_____

This offer does not apply in I.F.S.

COS 3A 508

The
Prime Minister's Choice

"My thoughts grow in the aroma of that particular tobacco."—Mr. Baldwin.

A beautiful smoking mixture; its cool, slow-burning pleasure is acknowledged by all who smoke it.

Presbyterian Mixture
1'1½ PER OZ.

Sold by Tobacconists everywhere

Blended by: A. GALE & Co., 1 Dundas St., Glasgow

TABLET of SOAP
FREE!

Fill the coupon below and send it to-day for a FREE tablet of Homocea Medicated Soap—made by the makers of the famous Homocea Brand Ointment, tested and tried for over 50 years. Don't delay, post the coupon now!

Homocea
BRAND OINTMENT
TOUCHES THE SPOT

TRADE MARK

Of all chemists 1/3 a box

SEND this COUPON FOR FREE

3 oz. Tablet of Homocea Medicated Soap (1/- size). Enclose a Homocea Ointment carton and 3d. in stamps to cover postage and packing, to The Homocea Manufacturing Co., 46 Elswick Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 4.
Coupon to be used before September 30.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

P.S.I.....

ONE of the most disturbing spiritual phenomena of this perplexing age in which we suffer, is the tendency to pick aunt sallies at random, hurling adhesive words of abuse at any poor blockhead because things are not what the angels led us to expect.

Even after the most laborious cogitations people continue to blame the wrong men because instead of turning the pleasant acres of the world into gardens where we could knit in the sun and the less pleasing plots into happy workshops where we could whistle over the making of good things, we have created such places as Merthyr Tydfil and Bolton and deprived their inhabitants of even the simple pleasures of life.

We have from time to time made clumsy thrusts at the learned men who devote their genius to the accomplishment of lethal inventions, a task from which most self-respecting citizens would refrain out of common decency. But we would not go so far as Mr. M. Reynolds Seaton, of Bournemouth, in attacking all "thinking men" for bringing us to such a pretty pass.

"'Yon Cassius has a mean and hungry look. He thinks too much; such men are dangerous.' Those are my sentiments, but the words are Julius Caesar's, vide Shakespeare," says Mr. Seaton. "And how right the old boy was. All our Wellses, Shaws, Marconis and Edisons should be quietly strangled as soon as they show definite signs of genius, of thinking too much.

"More trouble has been caused in the world by clever idealists than by all the greedy, stupid, cruel rulers in history. If nobody had invented the internal combustion engine there would not be hundreds of people killed on the roads every week. . . . If devilishly ingenious minds had not devised a means of flying through the air we should not now be talking of the necessity of underground air-raid shelters and an adequate supply of gas-masks. There are endless examples.

"Simple-minded folk like myself are quite happy with simple beliefs and pleasures until the Thinkers come along to tell us that our beliefs are all wrong, our pleasures foolish. And as happiness and contentment are the most precious possessions in life, down with the gloomy intellectuals who refuse to let us wallow in our unenlightenment."

THERE'S A GERM of an idea in what Mr. Seaton has said, but with all due respect we feel he is tragically wrong in lumping Thinkers, Intellectuals, Inventors and Scientists together as though they were the forty-nine thieves, all equally wicked. Even though he believes in simply-minded unenlightment, Mr. Seaton must be inclined to offer up a prayer of gratefulness to the men who invented anaesthetics when he visits the dentist's parlour. Has there never been an emergency in which Mr. Edison's telephone has proved a godsend to him?

Yet we would be glad to stand shoulder to shoulder with Mr. Seaton when he begins to exterminate the gloomy intellectuals, those ranting individuals so eager to cast the first stones, so slow to offer any remedies for the evils they make such a show in denouncing. Such men are indeed dangerous, for they have run to seed and sow only germs of discontent.

Among the Thinkers there are men who have done much to benefit the world. It is because of the Thinkers, men heavy with their responsibilities, that our cities and towns are no longer periodically decimated with plague, that mothers no longer need fear the dreaded child-bed fever, that every other face we see is no longer pitted by smallpox and that our streets are no longer lined with cripples, exhibiting suppurating sores as they whine for alms.

Even our dogs have been delivered by Thinking Men from the madness of rabies.

REALLY, WE SHOULD be very grateful to Thinking Men for what they have given us, and we should be rather ashamed that we have so often allowed their work to be exploited by tycoons with an itch for power. Men who gave us motor-cars had no more idea that they would be used for killing pedestrians than a musician has of his work being tortured by crooners.

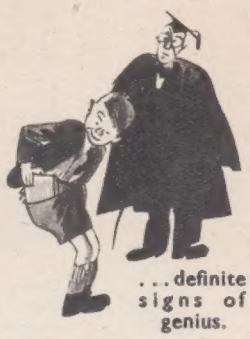
These men give us the benefits of their super-intellects: it's our look out if we allow those benefits to accrue only to a few. Even these other Thinkers, the Wellses and the Shaws can be most helpful: they can point out to us that it is no use attacking our benefactors.

They show us that it is best to try to educate ourselves to understand these developments, to be prepared to use them for the general good rather than let them slip into the hands of tyrants.

SERVICE

on every practical subject is given free by "The Passing Show" Advice Service, 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2. Enclose stamped envelope with query.

You're Telling Us!



...definite signs of genius.

The rose buds of old England

IN THE MEANTIME, Mr. W. H. Weedon, of Oslo, Norway, writes to us seeking enlightenment. "What has become of all the beautiful English girls who once made all other nations envious with their matchless complexions, grace of bearing and charm of voice?" he asks. "As a patriotic Englishman resident abroad for many years I have stoutly maintained that the English girl has no equal where charm and beauty are concerned.

"Where are all these lovely creatures? They certainly do not take cruises to Norway, or if they do they remain hidden in the liners, for I often go down to the docks in the hope of catching a glimpse of rosebud cheeks, shapely limbs and so on. But I rarely see anything but dowdy, loud-vciced females who fill me with shame and horror.

"Is there no philanthropist with sufficient patriotism to induce him to send out a few dozen of the ordinary, charming girls who abound in the country so that at last I can laugh my Norwegian friends and scoffers to scorn when they make their customary remarks about my countrywomen.

"For the sake of our national prestige Norway should see some of our English beauties as soon as possible. Send us a few of the rosebuds of Old England instead of the washouts who appear to be the only girls who have the pluck—or is it the means?—to cross the North Sea."

IT IS DIFFICULT to tell the truth to this faithful exile, who wanders on wet nights and hot Sunday afternoons among the limbo of dockland, his pulse at least a dozen beats above normal, his temperature ready to soar and his eyes alight in the hope of seeing a homemade complexion that has withstood the rigours of a North Sea crossing.

We hate to disillusion you, Weedon, old boy, but we doubt whether a press-gang composed of Don Juan, Casanova, Clark Gable, Lothario, Bernard Shaw, William Powell, H. G. Wells and Uncle Joe could find a dozen girls whose rosebud complexions would not wash off in a Norwegian snowstorm. In these days English girls disguise themselves as Marlene Dietrich or Mae West and if they don't look like either its because you haven't the right amount of imagination.

Talking of charm you should hear the telephone girl say she's sorry you've been troubled: it gives romance about as much future as an ice-cake on a hot griddle. And now let the piccolo play while Weedon weeps into his wine-cup with one eye on that Norwegian (pre-peroxide days) blonde.

Half a guinea is paid for each letter or quotation printed. Address: "Readers' Letters," "Passing Show," 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2. Please state whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss.

Something for You

NEXT week THE PASSING SHOW will announce a Free Double Presentation for every reader. Something really out of the ordinary, it will be a thrilling surprise.

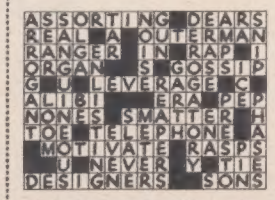
Solution Next Week

CLUES ACROSS.

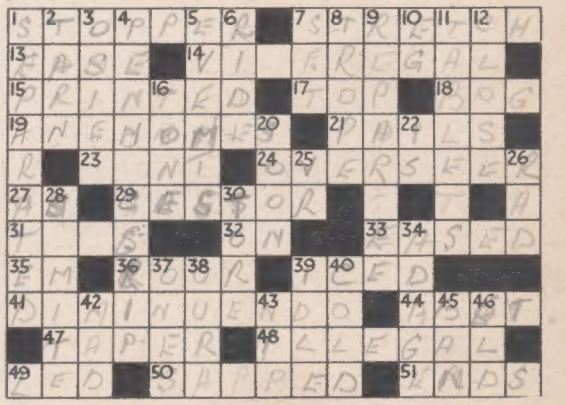
1. Not a round peg in a square hole.
7. Increase in at least one dimension.
13. Comfort here.
14. Pertaining to royal substitute.
15. This page is so.
17. Uppermost as revealed in 1 across.
18. A watery place.
19. One's name for the flowers.
21. May hold water.
23. Empty declamation.
24. Looks over apparently, but probably does not overlook.
27. Heart of 13.
29. A Greek warrior and counsellor.
31. Broaches we may say.
32. Core of 16.
33. Partly deceased, but may give added life.
35. A printers' word from 19.
36. Grayish white.
39. Drinks are thus made 40.
41. To let sound die away.
44. To assist or encourage, perhaps in evil-doing.
47. May come to a point.
48. Not according to law.
49. By the nose possibly.
50. Undermined.
51. A very fitting word this.

CLUES DOWN.

1. Opened out or divided.
2. The silver may tarnish (hidden).
3. Sometimes found by the river's brim.
4. Copy-book art.
5. These things happen.
6. Pride goes before a fall, and so may this part of it.
7. All ready.
8. A figure of speech.
9. Quick answer.
10. This suffices for example.
11. Small tables presumably.
12. This may be near or final.
16. Not entirely stone (hidden)
20. At no distant date.
22. Existence briefly put.
25. Out-of-date on letter boxes (initials).
26. May be in pickle.
28. A kind of silk stuff.
30. Part of store.
34. Saying of old.
37. A singular word pluralised.
38. Invisible emanation.
39. Not employed.
40. Decided chilly.
42. Beware of this dog.
43. A small drink.
45. Prohibit.
46. Antiquated antiquity.



Solution to last week's puzzle



B153 507

Printed in Great Britain and Published Weekly by the Proprietors, ODHAMS PRESS Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Post Free all over the World (except Canada): 15s. 2d. per annum, 7s. 7d. for six months, 3s. 10d. for three months. For Canada, 13s. per annum. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post, and entered as second-class matter May 17, 1929, at New York Post Office, N.Y. Agencies for the Colonies: Gordon & Gotch, Ltd., Australia and New Zealand. For South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Agents for Canada: Imperial News Co., Ltd., also Canadian Wholesale Newsdealers' Association Ltd. For America: International News Co. Also on sale at W. H. Smith & Son's, Ltd., Bookshops at 248 Rue de Rivoli, Paris, and 75 Boulevard Adolphe Max, Bruxelles and Messageries Dawson, 13 Rue Albouy, Paris.

A17

FREE TO AMBITIOUS WRITERS

THIS AUTHORITATIVE BOOK

A VERITABLE KEY TO SUCCESS IN SPARE TIME WRITING TELLS HOW YOU MAY BECOME A SUCCESSFUL SPARE TIME WRITER AND EARN MONEY WITH YOUR PEN.

If you would contribute to the Press and have even the average ability to write plain English, your acceptance of the Offer contained in this announcement may well prove to be the first step towards your making an appreciable Spare Time Income by Spare Time Writing.

The Metropolitan College of Journalism offers to send you, in return for the Coupon below, a FREE Copy of "Modern Journalism, Story and Play-Writing," wherein is set out how, through the medium of Specialised Postal Training Courses, you may, in pleasant Spare Time Study in your own home, acquire the essential technique of writing for the Press which will ensure your work being acceptable to Editors, and productive of those welcome Editorial Cheques which are the rewards of trained effort.

THERE ARE MANY PATHS TO PROSPERITY IN THE PRESS: Short Story Writing, Free Lance Journalism, and Staff Journalism are dealt with fully and authoritatively in "Modern Journalism, Story and Play-Writing." From this Book you will learn that Specialised Postal Training Courses have been prepared by experienced and successful writers for each of the subjects mentioned. These Courses are so comprehensively compiled, and so perfectly graduated, that students may in a very brief time turn even their earliest efforts to good account, and earn money soon after they begin to learn.

"I have reached Lesson 4 and already plots come much more easily. The whole job of story writing has been greatly simplified for me."

"The criticisms are wonderful to me; they are so thorough. To have my efforts dissected, reduced to their essentials and presented in a crisper, simpler style is wonderfully instructive."—Miss ——.

"I have been asked by the Editor to do a new series. I am thoroughly enjoying the Course."

"I feel a great debt of gratitude to you that the Editor should actually have asked me for another article, as the first one, altered and submitted on your advice, must have given satisfaction."—Mrs. ——.

The Book will be accompanied by an offer of an EXPERT FREE CRITICISM of your work. Therefore, fill in and post the coupon NOW. **DO NOT HESITATE**—don't imagine that outstanding literary *genius* is expected of you. If you can write plain English and discuss a likely subject intelligently, you are well equipped to make a start. The rest you can learn, easily and surely, through the comprehensive, thoroughly practical training in the technicalities of writing for the Press that is provided by the Metropolitan College of Journalism.

BEVERLEY NICHOLS, *Editor of the STORY WRITING COURSE*

"HOW TO WRITE A SUCCESSFUL PLAY"
If you are interested in this important branch of literary work, post coupon below for the Free Book offered in this announcement. This gives full particulars of the College intensely practical Postal Course in the subject.

To know WHAT to write is fully as important as to know how to write. Here again the College is eagerly at your service, showing exhaustively what topics to select, how to handle them, and indicating the markets wherein you can sell your work.

Accept now this FREE BOOK OFFER made to you by the Metropolitan College of Journalism, and fill in and post this Coupon TO-DAY!

FREE BOOK COUPON—POST NOW
Please send me a copy of the Book entitled "Modern Journalism, Story and Play-Writing," to keep without charge or obligation, together with your offer of a Free Criticism of my work. J3

NAME .....
(In Capitals)

ADDRESS .....

Passing Show, Sept. 5, 1936.....

METROPOLITAN COLLEGE OF JOURNALISM
Dept. J3, ST. ALBANS.

"It looked like false teeth for me." "My teeth were always sound and I never missed brushing them. Guess my surprise when the factory M.O. marked me down 'teeth defective'! My dentist explained. I'd been using a rough, 'scouring' tooth paste — and wearing the enamel thinner every day. 'Change to Odol,' he advised. 'Odol cannot possibly scratch—the particles in it are of extraordinary softness and fineness.' And yet Odol whitens splendidly, I find."

ODOL IS SAFE—particles only 1 micron in diameter (4/100,000ths")—no gritty abrasive whatsoever. Odol cannot possibly scratch the enamel. Odol contains peroxide . . . and peroxide whitens teeth safely. Odol contains chlorates, too—they strengthen the gums. Odol keeps teeth clean—and clean teeth are safe teeth. Odol refreshes your mouth with a fresh, pleasant taste.

Odol TOOTH PASTE
TUBES 6d. & 1/-

Gart

£5 CASH AND 20 OTHER PRIZES

EVERY WEEK for 'SUNNY SNAPS'

Look through your album—use your camera—send us your snaps. Snaps of children, grown-ups—any subjects that express sunny happiness! £5 cash every week for the best. And twenty other prizes value 10/6 each.

Large or small snaps, all are eligible

Eachweek's Competition closeswhen the final post reaches Cranbux on the Saturday. Winnerswill be announced in the "Daily Mirror" and "Daily Sketch" the following Friday. The decision of the General Manager of Cranbux Ltd. is final. Write your name on the back of each snap and post to Cranbux Ltd., ODOL Sunny Snaps (Dept. P.S.4), Norwich. Please mark top left-hand corner of envelope 'Competition.' The final weekly competition ends on Saturday, October 3rd, 1936.

● *Each snap entered must be accompanied by an empty ODOL Tooth Paste carton, 1/- size, or two 6d. size cartons. Two entries may be sent with a 1/9 size carton. All winning snaps become the property of Cranbux Ltd.; no snaps can be returned. Only amateurs may enter. Entries limited to Great Britain and Northern Ireland.*

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements get hard and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything.

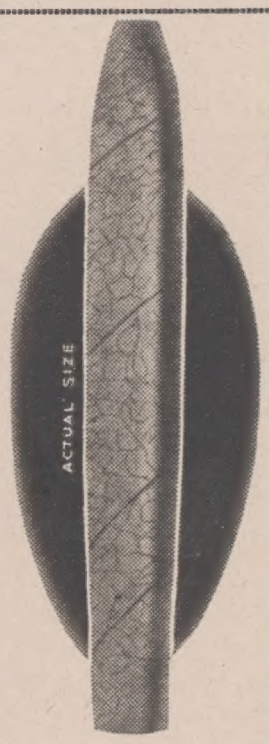
Your friends smell this decay coming out of your mouth and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help, but you must also get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills by name and get what you ask for. 1/3d. and 3/-.

FREE

A Generous Sample of ELASTO, The Wonder Remedy

Leg troubles vanish when "Elasto" is taken. Varicose veins are forgotten, skin troubles clear up, old wounds are cleansed, and quickly heal, swellings subside, rheumatism fades away, inflammation is soothed and the whole system braced. "Elasto" is a vital cell food—not a drug—the relief it brings seems magical.
Fill up the coupon and receive privately a Free Sample and Booklet or send 5/- for a whole month's supply.

COUPON *For Free Trial Sample of Elasto*
THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO., LTD., (Dept. 152A), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.
Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining how Elasto, *The Great Blood Revitaliser*, cures through the blood.
NAME .....
(Please Print in Capital Letters)
ADDRESS .....
.....
Passing Show, 5/9/36.....



Saturday Morning!

There's the big match on this afternoon—a special occasion. What about something rather special to smoke? Obviously Wills's Whiffs—mild, cool, real cigar flavour *and* quite inexpensive.

WILLS'S WHIFFS

HAVANA FLAVOUR AT REASONABLE PRICES

3 for 6d. 6 for 1/- 12 for 2/-

WW21

IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS

As soon as you light one you know a Player's by its fine quality Tobacco. Before you light it your guarantee is the name Player's "Medium" Navy Cut on each Cigarette and the Lifebuoy Trade Mark on the packet.

SOON AS YOU LIGHT IT
YOU KNOW IT'S A

PLAYER'S

10 FOR 6D 20 FOR 11½ 50 FOR 2/5

N.C.C.357.F.